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SWEET LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

"Sweet love," I said, and clasped her hand;
We walked beside the silver river,
Which past the borders of the land
Went widening to the ocean strand,
Past rocks and past sand,
As if to join the sea on fore

"My love shall be like the water stream,
Which broadens as it nears the ocean,
And, beating in its depth the dream
While on its breast the white sails gleam

And over it the sun-rays beam,
Has but one object of devotion."

"Oh, not like that, dear love," she cried;
"For as it onward floweth ever,
It groweth in its scope too wide—
I cannot bear the rapid tide,
Although unchanging in its glide—
Let not your love be like the river.

"But rather like yon little spring
That trickles downward toward the valley,
So happy that it can but sing—
Perhaps a weak and helpless thing,
Where bright-plumed wild birds dip the sting,
And with its waters pause to dally."

And so I love not like the tide
Of the advancing, pulsing river,
But with the brooklet's happy glide,
Which wanders flowery banks beside,
And some day, grown more swift and wide,
May seek the ocean's depths forever.

THE DARK AND THE LIGHT:

OR,

DRIFTING APART ON THE OCEAN OF LIFE.

A Story of Absorbing Interest, Thrilling Effects, and Powerful Dramatic Situations.

BY JANE MILL,

AUTHOR OF "DAN'S TREASURE," "CLYTIE CRANBOURNE," "THE GOLDEN BOWL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE WRECK.

...se from sea to sky the wild farewell,
...shrieked the timid, and stood still the
...ave;
...me leaped overboard with dreadful yell,
...ger to anticipate their grave;
...sea yawned around her like a hell,
...down she sucked with her the whirling
...ave,
...e who grapples with his enemy
...strives to strangle him before he die.
Indian Ocean, the wind blowing furious
...sea lashed up with agitation, till the
...of the waves looked like so much whip
...eam set on ridges of a dark-green, snaky
...n which the steamship Lurline rolls help
...water-logged, maimed, broken, and
From the time of their leaving Bo
...e vessel had met with nothing but di
Before they were five miles out at s
...the sailors fell overboard, and, though
...gines were reversed, before a boat cou
...ered in his assistance his would-be r
...saw him bitten by an enormous shar
...al passengers, but it was only the bo
...f their troubles.
...vening closed in the wind rose, and run
...s we rarely experience in this tempera
...ell heavily. All through the night the
...nd, and when morning dawned the very
...phere was thick and stifling with hot
...oisture, for the rain still fell in sheets
...r than in drops, the wind howled and tre
...the masts as though resolved to carry them
...away, and the sea boiled and raged like a seeth
...ing cauldron, dashing over the sides of he
...vessel, which, with its freight of human lives,
...seemed but an object of sport and derision to
...
The whole of the next day and night this co
...tinued, but the third day they lost the jibboom,
...the foretopsail, topgallantmast and royalmast.
About eleven o'clock the same day the port life-
...boat was washed overboard, and two or three
hours later the starboard life-boat shared the
same fate, and the captain's face looked stern
and pale like that of a man nerving himself to
meet death with the responsibility of the lives
of two hundred of his fellow-creatures upon his
head.

It is near the close of the third day, when our
...ous as he is for the fate of the vessel, the cap
...tain follows the doctor to one of the state cab
...where a lady is dying. A fair, delicate look
...ing bred English woman lies upon the couch, while
in the lower berth are two children side by side.
They are asleep, and as well as one can judge
are nearly of the same age; but one is fair and
white as a lily, while the other shows unmistak
...ably the taint of dark blood in its veins. Glanc
...ing at the couch upon which the fair lady is
lying, you see her attendant bending over her,
and, tall and handsome as she is, you recognize
her as a half-caste, and to these two mothers
belong the two little sleeping so peacefully
through the fearful storm. Nay, the winds and
howling sea rock them but the more soundly
...o sleep, all unconscious of the danger that
surround them, and of the changes which this
storm will make in their lives.

With everything on earth to live for, Lady
...lice Fitz-Howard Hill is lying here to rest on
...he bosom of the deep, tempestuous ocean,
...ning to die. Wealth, position and beauty,
...he love of a devoted husband, the clinging
...s of a helpless babe, all are powerless to hold
...back to life; but the flat has gone forth, and
...knows that within but a few hours now at
...est, even though the vessel should live
...on its safety, she will have taken the fearful jour-
...whence there is no return. She makes
...struggle against it; she is past that, and her
...ety now is only and solely for the safety of
...child. Another presence by the side of her
...ch, and she opens her eyes wearily to look
...the captain, who has come with compliance
...ith her request. Even at this painful moment
...aptain Speke looks at her blue eyes, thinks he
...hould know them again all over the world over,
...d sighs sadly to think how soon the cold
...s will wash over them.

"Captain," she says, but her voice is so low
...in the noise made by the storm he has to
...ch his ear close to her lips to hear the
.... "shall we—will the ship live through
...he asks.

"I do not know, madame," is the calm, al-
...stern reply.

"But my self—I am dying," she con-
...s. "But my child. Sure you will take care
...r; she was entrusted to my sister, and I can
...t her to love my child as her own,"
...she looks tenderly at the dusky at-
...She knows of the world
...way about it, and will ask you,
...a, to take them under your care until my
...d can reach them. Is a wife and
...n of your own?"

"I have—a wife and one boy. I will do
my power for your nurse and child,
...e, if we are spared to reach land. Child,
I if not?" asked the lady.

Captain involuntarily shrugged his
...ers as he said:

"Our lives are not in our hands, madame. If
I will do as you ask, but you had better
...e your husband's address—that is, if you
...ong enough."

"He is in India, but he will come to England in
months, when he can leave, and his
...ss will be Captain Fitz-Howard Hill, Bray-
...bbey, Surrey, and—" But her voice
...down, though it had previously been
...re than a whisper, and a tremulous
...verhead made the two children stir uneasily in their
...k, woke the two children and roused the dying lady from the lethargy of death that was creeping
...er her.

"Nay, give me my child; let me take her in
...ns; we shall all die together."

As the woman hastily handed her the infant
...e pressed her clammy lips upon her soft
...cheek, then her head fell back, and she
...l to sleep. And the child slept while the
...was called away to attend one of the
...who had been injured by the falling mast
...ars which had caused the crash that
...he captain on deck; and Suma, the half-
...elieving her mistress to be asleep, took
...own child and nursed it. Thus an hour
passed, when Dr. Marker, looking in at the stateroom door, glanced at the nurse, and asked:

"How is she?"

"Asleep," was the reply.

But something in the position of the sleeper made the doctor's eye linger upon her. Then he went to her side and put his hand upon her heart. It was quiet and silent; the mechanism of that wondrous human machine had come to a standstill, the pendulum that marked the throbs and pulsations of life had stopped, and no science or power on earth could set it in motion again.

"Take the child from her arms," he said; "she is dead."

And while the woman's wail for her loved and lost mistress rose even above the din of the tempest, he went off to report the death to the captain.

"Poor lady! with her the question is settled. To us it is scarcely doubtful," was the reply.

And then the surgeon realized that its gallant commander was beginning to despair of his vessel, and, though accustomed himself to meet death in many a guise, for just one second the man of science turned pale, and his limbs trembled. Then he roused himself. There were women and children on board; surely he could meet death if they must. And he made his way to the forecastle to see how some of his patients there were progressing. As night again came on, the maimed vessel shipped heavy seas, which carried away the engine-room hatch, and the water rushed down, putting out the fires. Then not only the sailors, but the passengers, set to work to stop the leak and bail out the water; but it was useless. Heavy cross seas constantly broke over the doomed ship, and, though all the men on board worked at the pumps in turn through that long night, the hurricane continued, and when morning dawned Captain Speke called his passengers together and told them they must prepare for the worst. Then all the excesses that maddened fear and reasonless terror could impel human beings to indulge in broke out over the vessel. Some put on their best clothes, arrayed themselves in costly silks, Indian shawls and jewels, as though determined to meet death in all their beauty and bravery, and some broke open the spirit-room and tried to drown the thought of death in present intoxication. A goodly number, headed by the captain, tried to pray, while the first mate and some of the seamen, thinking there might still be a chance to escape, launched the boats that remained and called on those who chose to try them to make haste, as the ship was evidently fast settling down to her fate. But the number anxious to grasp this possible chance of safety was few, for the sea seemed to be rolling mountains high, and ere the first boatful had cleared the ship by a dozen yards she was swamped, and all who had taken refuge in her perished.

Two or three hours passed. Still the Lurline, though dismasted and but a wreck upon the waters, floated; the weather, too, seemed to have grown a trifle better, and once more an effort was made to man the boats. On the deck, watching them, stood the strange figure of a woman, black-eyed, dark-skinned, tall and commanding in proportions, with an infant tied up on her back in the costly Indian shawl that was wound round her, and with a second infant wrapped in an equally expensive covering in her arms. It was Suma, Lady Alice Fitz-Howard Hill's foster sister and nurse, who, with her own child and that of her mistress, was standing ready to seize any chance of life for the two children as well as for herself. Not that the [illegible] together her mistress' money and jewels, also, as we have seen, her more valuable shawls, so that if rescued and landed upon any strange soil she would not be penniless, or without resources.

The pinnace was now got ready, lowered, and made clear of the ship, and Suma, standing on the side of the vessel, cried:

"Take me!"

"Throw us the child," was the reply, "then jump."

One moment's hesitation and the child she held in her arms was thrown over the gulf of water that separated the ship from the boat, and safely caught by one of the sailors.

"Now jump."

They did not see the child she carried slung on her back, and she, too, for the moment, had forgotten it. Could she jump the distance? There was no time for hesitation. A leap, a splash, the boat almost capsizing with the sudden jerk upon its side; but the woman is safely in it, and when she looks round she sees that the ship is many boat-lengths off, and the waves seem so high as though they were trembling and hesitating ere they broke over them. The sailor who had caught the first child hands it to the nurse, an action that makes her remember for the second, and she puts up her hand to assure herself of its safety, but it is gone. She asks the man nearest to her if he has seen her child; but he thinks her mind is wandering, for is it not in her lap? And she moans and cries vainly for a short time, then is silent. With death staring them so closely in the face, what is the life of an infant? and she has still one left to protect and comfort; perhaps, also, to remind her of what she has lost. And the sun sinks in the west—night comes on. By the last gleam of daylight they see that the Lurline still floats; but when morning breaks the ship is no longer visible to those who have passed the night in the open boat. Either she has sunk or the distance between hides her from their sight.

CHAPTER II.

LADY ELIZABETH FITZ-HOWARD.

Where beauty watched to imitate
Her gentle voice, her lovely mien,
And gather from her air and gait
The graces of its queen.—BYRON.

"More letters for Alice, but none from her."

The speaker was a lady of some one or two and thirty years of age, tall, handsome, and with a resemblance in feature, color, and carriage to the portraits of Queen Elizabeth, in her brightest and palmiest days. Her companion was a few years older than herself, and as great a contrast as it was possible to find; for, whereas Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Howard was tall, stately, and handsome, Mrs. Fish, her companion, was short, stout, decidedly plain, with a soft, purring way about her, which suggested at once a near relationship to a well-fed tabby-cat. True, her hands were pretty—and she knew it—soft, white, plump hands, with two or three seductive dimples. She left adorned with just her plain wedding-ring, and the right with a small but solitaire diamond, just sufficient to attract attention to the finger it encircled. Add to this that when in the least degree perplexed or excited she seemed to wash her hands with invisible soap and impalpable water, and some slight insight into her character may be easily obtained.

"Yes, Lady Alice ought to have been here a fortnight ago," assented Mrs. Fish, preparing to pour out the coffee, for the two ladies were about to take breakfast, and the letter-bag had only just been opened.

"I hope nothing has happened to her, or to the child," continued Lady Elizabeth anxiously. "I am almost inclined to telegraph to Charles—only, as he wrote to tell me his wife with her nurse, had started, it may alarm him."

"Yes; I would wait a few days longer; she may be overfatigued, or the baby may be unwell—a dozen things may have happened to detain her on the road when traveling such a long distance. A little more sugar, dear?"

"No. Do you remember the name of the ship that Charles said Alice left Bombay in?"

"Oh, yes, the 'Lurline;' but she was coming by the overland route; it is very different now from the time when I came home from India."

"Ah, yes. You were born there?"

"Yes, dear. My father, as you know, was in the Company's service, and I was sent home when a child, and——"

"Yes, I know," with a movement of impatience. It was an old story, and had been many times repeated.

"I must do something," Lady Elizabeth went on, pushing her scarcely tasted coffee impatiently from her. "I had a horrible dream about Alice last night. I thought I saw her standing on a sinking ship, holding up her child to me, and heard her voice distinctly saying:

"'Take her, cherish her; she is the last of our race!'"

"The horror and fright woke me. I thought to have had news this morning. I am sure something dreadful has happened. I feel it."

"Nonsense, dear. You are nervous and not very well; bad news travels fast, and if anything had been wrong you would have heard it. Take a good gallop over the hills, or a brisk walk in the park; either would do you good."

But Lady Elizabeth was not to be soothed in this manner, and she rang the bell, asking sharply:

"Have the newspapers come?"

"Yes, my lady."

"Then bring them in at once; you know I hate to be kept waiting."

The man withdrew, not, however, before he had cast an anxious glance at Mrs. Fish, who was, however, too intent upon her breakfast to notice it.

"That woman thinks of nothing but eating and drinking, and lining her pocket with my lady's gold," muttered the old servant as he went to fetch the newspapers. "She might a' broken it to her gently, and it's more than my place is worth to try it; and poor Lady Alice, who'd have thought she'd be the first to go? But it's just what the parson said last Sunday in church: 'One shall be taken and another one left.'"

With which, having extinguished the candles, papers previously himself, he carried them into the breakfast-room, taking care to put *The Times* under the rest, as though there was something in it he wished to hide, glancing furtively at his mistress at the same time in a manner that excited her suspicions at once.

"What is it?" she asked imperatively.

"The newspapers, my lady."

"I suppose so; but what are you trying to hide."

"Nothing, my lady; that is, my lady, I've been in the family nigh on forty years—and——"

The old man's voice broke down in a sob. Mrs. Fish put down a tempting morsel she was in the act of conveying to her lips without tasting it, and Lady Elizabeth, frightened at she scarcely knew what, yet awed by the grief of the old man, who had been a youth when she was born, put her hand on his arm and said sternly:

"Stevens, tell me what you mean at once."

"Lady Alice, my lady, many a time I've carried her in my arms over rough places, and to think that now——"

But he was checked by a low cry from his mistress, who for an instant staggered, then sank in a low chair, her face very white, but her features set, as she said to Mrs. Fish:

"Amelia, read it to me."

"Let me get you some water—your smelling salts—you are faint."

"No; read it," was the stern command, and Stevens, having pointed out the dreaded paragraph, Mrs. Fish read:

"FOUNDERING OF THE LURLINE.—The ship Lurline left Bombay on the 28th, bound for Suez, the crew and passengers numbering 220 persons. From the first she experienced very heavy gales, the masts being blown away, the machinery rendered useless, and the vessel fast foundering; fortunately the ship Lena came near her in time to save the captain and the greater part of the crew and passengers before the ill-fated Lurline sank. Two boat-loads had previously put off, but their fate is unknown up to the present. One very sad thing occurred: Lady Alice Fitz-Howard Hill, second daughter of the late Earl of Drayton, wife of Captain Hill of the — Hussars, died on the fifth day, leaving an infant to the joint care of her nurse and the captain. In jumping into one of the boats the nurse dropped the child into the sea; it was wonderfully rescued, its long dress being caught by a boat-hook, and, stranger still, the motherless child is alive, though the fate of its nurse is still dubious."

"My dream," said Lady Elizabeth, with a shudder, as Mrs. Fish ceased reading. "The last of our race! Oh, it is horrible! And my poor sister—dead, in all her youth and beauty."

"She was but your half-sister, dear," said Mrs. Fish, rubbing her white hands noiselessly.

"How dare you remind me of that, and now, too? Leave me! Cannot I remember how unkind I have sometimes been to her, without your taunting me with it? Go away, and don't let anyone come near me till I ring."

And, stamping her foot as she spoke, Lady Elizabeth almost drove Stevens and her companion from the room, then locked the door to keep out any witness of her misery. Hour after hour passed, no bell was rung, no sign of life given from that locked room, and those who knew Lady Elizabeth's disposition and temper dared not even knock upon the door until she had summoned them. Day waned, night set in, and Mrs. Fish, who was beginning to feel anxious about her dinner, condescended to take counsel with the housekeeper, who, having been in the family ever since Lady Elizabeth was born, might be supposed to know something more about her than the woman who had never seen her until within the last dozen years. In the midst of their consultation Stevens came to announce that a gentleman with a woman and baby had arrived at the Abbey, asking for her ladyship.

"Perhaps it's the child!" exclaimed Mrs. Fish with alacrity; "if it is, somebody must tell her; perhaps you had better do so, Mrs. Hood."

"Very well, ma'am; then I'll see the gentleman first," whereupon the housekeeper went to receive Captain Speke.

"It's very kind of you, sir, to come all this long way, anxious as you must be to get to your own family," said Mrs. Hood as soon as the facts were explained to her, "and my lady will be very grateful when she knows it; but she's very bad to-day; she only got the sad news this morning, and she's shut herself up. I suppose I had better go to her."

"If you please," said Captain Speke courteously, but firmly. "I must return by the nine-o'clock train; it is now seven. I promised Lady Alice I would take care of her child, and if Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Howard does not wish to take charge of it I must take it back to my own wife until I can communicate with Captain Fitz-Howard Hill himself. This is the question I want answered, and with as little delay as possible, if you please."

"Of course my lady will want to keep it, sir; but I'll go and tell her."

And in some trepidation, old servant as she was, she went and knocked at the breakfast-room door. No answer. A second, and again a third time, when suddenly the door was opened, and the mistress of the Abbey, with a pale, swollen face, and eyes that were burning and tearless, stood before the startled woman, asking, in a low, fierce tone:

"Am I never to be obeyed? How dare you disturb me?"

"If you please, my lady, the captain of the ship has brought her ladyship's baby. He won't leave it unless he sees you and hears from your own lips that you'll take care of it and wish to have it, and he goes away again directly. I'm the only one in the house who has dared to come and tell you what you'd never forgive us for hiding; but I nursed you when a baby, my lady, and if you send me away after these years of service I must go. But what shall I tell the gentleman?"

"Tell him—tell him to wait."

"He came to keep his promise to a dying woman before going to his own wife, Lady Elizabeth," said Mrs. Hood, almost sternly. "I suppose he will feel he has done his duty, and will take the child away with him;" and the housekeeper, who, having [illegible] had ever seen in her slight form before, was walking away, when the latter said:

"Hood, forgive me; I did not mean to be hard or harsh. I will see this man, but not just yet. Ask him to have some dinner, take care of the child, and tell me how long he can stay."

"Yes, my lady; he says he must leave by the nine-o'clock train. I'll tell him you will see him at eight, and I'll bring you the baby myself. I forgot to look and see if it's like its mother."

"Do."

But while Captain Speke, in company with Mrs. Fish, was eating his dinner and thinking that the little waif he had rescued from the sea would have everything that wealth and influence could purchase, the child itself was undergoing an examination which, had it been old enough to understand what was said, it would have scarcely considered flattering.

"Why, she's got black eyes!" exclaimed Mrs. Hood, aghast, "and such a thing was never heard of in the family before. Lady Alice had blue eyes, and so have you, my lady, and so has her father; and how brown her skin is—a pretty child, some folks might say, but not like the old stock. I suppose there can't be any mistake, can there?"

"How should there be? All babies are more or less alike," replied Lady Elizabeth. "But I must see the man who brought her; let him know I will do so when he has finished dinner."

And without bestowing even a kiss upon the infant, Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Howard walked away; the dark baby had found no favor in her eyes.

CHAPTER III.—"I WILL HAVE IT."

Was the bargain made
In an angry moment, when pride was hurt?
Was it then that the snow-white robe was laid
To be trampled on in the dirt?

"And you are sure this is my sister's child?"

It was Lady Elizabeth Fitz-Howard who asked the question, and Captain Speke, who had just finished his account of Lady Alice's last request to him, and the peril of the ship, and the rescue of its passengers, started in surprise at the question, as he replied:

"I have every reason to believe so; it is the child which your sister's nurse let fall into the sea when she leaped into the boat. But why do you ask the question? You cannot doubt me, surely."

"Certainly not. But had not the woman Suma a child of her own?"

"I think so; yes, there were two babies, but it was natural she should think of her own child first; the other one was taken away in the boat with her."

"Then either of the children, and we do not know which, belonged to my sister?" observed the lady with cold decision.

"Yes," was the answer, with an impatient shrug, "and I have brought you the one we rescued without any certificate as to its parentage, unless the clothes in which it was dressed may be taken as such."

"I will tell you my reasons for asking these questions, Captain Speke," said the lady, more graciously. "The baby you have brought me is dark, with black eyes, with the taint of color about her, and we as a race are all fair; so are my sister's husband and his family. But the nurse Suma was a half-caste, though her husband was an Englishman. Don't you think that the presumption is that this is her child, and not my sister's?"

"I really cannot say. If the nurse and the other child survive you can easily decide the question, and in the meantime what is to be done?"

"I will keep the child, of course; it is only an idea on my part, and I may be mistaken. I also beg to express my sincere thanks for your great kindness, and the trouble you have taken. You have a wife, I believe; will you ask her to accept this ring from me as a token of my gratitude to her husband?"

And the Lady Elizabeth, with an air as gracious as could ever have been assumed by her illustrious namesake, took a magnificent diamond from her finger and handed it to the captain of the ill-fated Lurline.

"My wife will feel proud to wear your ring, madame," replied Captain Speke frankly; "it shall be a token between us also; if ever I learn anything to confirm your theory about the identity of the children I will send it to you, even if I cannot come myself; you will know then that I agree with you and have proof to confirm your suspicion."

"Thank you. I shall bring up this child as though I had no doubt about her relationship to me, and from this hour I shall not even breathe a suspicion of it unless I have incontestable proof; and you, I am sure, will feel it a matter of right and justice to say nothing of our conversation, but if Suma and the other child should be found, to give me your aid in arriving at the truth."

Captain Speke bowed over the hand extended to him. He quite understood the implied compact he was pledging himself to, though he could not know the reasons which prompted this proud, beautiful woman to the course she was pursuing. And yet, to those who knew her, the motives which actuated her were clear enough. It was far from probable that she would ever marry and have children of her own.

The earldom of Drayton had become extinct with the death of her father, consequently she and her sister had been coheiresses in his enormous wealth, and her sister's rights and property would descend also to her daughter, in the favor of whose son, if she had one, the title might be again revived. Therefore it was important, in Lady Elizabeth's estimation, that there should be an heir, male or female, to the property and name, and hence the readiness with which she accepted the child brought to her from the wreck of the "Lurline," even though in her heart she did not believe her to be her half-sister's daughter.

So Captain Speke went away, carrying the ring with him—a curious ring and somewhat old-fashioned, a large diamond in the centre, and a circle of smaller ones round it forming a cluster, while on the gold at the back of it [illegible]

"A handsome present," thought the gallant sailor as he examined it when alone in the railway carriage on his way back to town. "I wonder if it is the right baby or not?"

He could only wonder and speculate on the point, however, having no one scrap of fact or knowledge to guide him in a decision against the helpless waif he had taken to Drayton Abbey, for the clothes it wore when rescued from the sea were of the finest description, and evidently formed part of the outfit which Lady Alice Fitz-Howard Hill had provided for her baby. What more conclusive evidence could there be of an infant's identity?

A new element had come into Drayton Abbey. A nursery was established, two nurses were engaged, and Lady Elizabeth seemed to sink into comparative insignificance before the tiny tyrant who had thus arrived to share her domain. Not that Lady Elizabeth bowed down to and became the slave of the wonderful infant, as all the other women in the house, even down to Mrs. Fish, did. She was never seen by anyone to kiss it; she never took it in her arms, but she ordered everything for its comfort and amusement, visited the nursery once a day, and ordered baby to be brought to see her for about five minutes before being put to bed each night.

And thus the days and weeks and months went on. The ayah of Suma and the other child, except that the boat in which they and the sailors had sought to save themselves had been picked up by an American vessel, after having been tossing about for eight-and-forty hours on the sea; but how many of the boat's crew were saved and what became of them could not with accuracy be discovered.

"I will keep this up till Charles arrives," thought Lady Elizabeth, as she looked at the dark-skinned baby. "Surely he will know if it is his own child, for he has seen it before."

But she had no longer to wait for her brother-in-law's arrival than she had calculated upon. Lady Alice had been ordered to leave India at once by the doctors, if she would save her life. Her husband had not been able to get leave at the time, but was promised it later on; and so husband and wife parted, never in this world to meet again.

When the news of his wife's death reached Charles Fitz-Howard Hill—he had taken her name on his marriage—he was frantic with grief and despair; the shock brought on a fever, from which he had scarcely recovered when his regiment was ordered to the Crimea, the Russian war having just broken out, and the idea of obtaining leave to go to England, or of selling out of the army, was, of course, out of the question. Besides, what had he to live for? A helpless baby, whose mother's family would care for and richly dower. Had his child been a boy it might have been otherwise—he might have looked forward to the years when he should become his companion and friend; but a girl—one who would become an heiress too—was pretty sure to marry and leave her father, and he could build up no hopes for the future with her. So Captain Fitz-Howard Hill rather hailed with relief than otherwise the idea of going where there would be something more than mere routine in his daily life, where peril, excitement, and death would be his constant companions, so that thought and regret might not crush him under their iron heel or goad him to madness.

When the news reached Lady Elizabeth, at Drayton Abbey, that her brother-in-law, instead of coming home, was ordered to the seat of war, she ground her teeth and paced about the room as though, as Mrs. Fish afterwards observed, she had been a wild animal, instead of a human being. Indeed, according to this worthy woman, her ladyship did not take misfortune, disappointment or pain patiently. Instead of bowing her head to the blast, she stood up and raged against the tempest with a violence that silenced and awed those who heard her, and where others would have wept and cowered and sat down in helpless misery, she fought and struggled, refusing, while life was in her, to be subdued. Now she felt like a lioness bound by numerous small cords, any one of which she might have broken, but the whole were beyond her strength to snap.

Day after day she became more confirmed in her suspicion that this was not her sister's child, but that of the nurse; but how could she prove it? Where was the true heiress of Drayton Abbey, if this were not she? Alive, and exposed to privation and neglect? or dead? while a low-born usurper filled her place. The thought stung this proud woman, the last of the Fitz-Howards, to madness. If her brother-in-law would but come home, things might be clearer; but now she had gone too far to draw back. Had she repudiated the infant at first, she could then have taken steps openly to discover the missing child, whereas now to do so would seem as though she had changed her opinion from mere caprice, and nothing else. Still, to foist an impostor by accident upon the world as her legal heir and descendant was more than Lady Elizabeth was capable of, anxious as she might be that the name and influence of her family should not die out.

Tied as she was by appearances, Lady Elizabeth could do little or nothing openly; but wealth is a wonderful power, and opens with its golden key so many secret coffers, and those who possess great wealth, as a rule, believe so infallibly in its efficacy, that, having once determined to employ it without stint, she could not doubt that she would get what she required. An instrument, however, was wanted, and, looking over the morning papers, her eye rested upon the following advertisement, which seemed as though it would answer her purpose:

"Gorlidge, Private Inquiry Agent. Confidential inquiries made on every subject, next of kin discovered, legal cases investigated, the utmost secrecy maintained. Address: Cecil street, Strand, London."

"I'll write to him, at any rate," mused the lady of the Abbey.

Three days afterwards Mr. Gorlidge himself came down to see her. A tall, rather handsome man, of some two or three and thirty, "almost" a gentleman, as Stevens, who ushered him in, mentally expressed it, with keen brown eyes, which seemed like a pair of stilettos, ready to dart through the person he was addressing, and to drag out the thoughts of their very souls; having dark brown hair, with a reddish tinge in it, and full, sensual lips, by no means ugly in shape, but, taken as an index to their owner's character, like a very signboard, on which, in capital letters, was written "Beware!" Wrapped about with her own pride and dignity, Lady Elizabeth looked upon him simply as a tool, a paid servant—one, however, in whom it would be desirable to place as little confidence as possible.

"And you want this woman Suma, or rather Mrs. Wrightson, discovered, wherever she may be?" observed Mr. Gorlidge, making notes as he spoke.

"Yes, and the child she has with her; that is as important as herself," replied the lady.

"Her own child?"

The keen brown eyes fixed themselves upon Lady Elizabeth's countenance, till, proud as she was, and gifted with so much self-command, she felt her face crimson.

But her voice was steady as she replied:

"Of course."

"Then it will be dark like herself?"

The lady shrugged her shoulders impatiently as she said:

"I never saw it; her husband is white, and she is not so very dark herself; but I want both the child and mother found, let the search cost what it may."

"Yes, my lady, even though we have to send, or I have to go, to America to find them?"

"Yes; if you have to go all over the world."

"Thank you; I think my instructions are complete," glancing over his notes. "I will take a hundred pounds on account, if you please, and I shall send you a weekly report of my progress."

So the check was written, and Mr. George Gorlidge took his leave. When the fly in which he had traveled from the station had left the Abbey half a mile behind he stopped the driver, got out, walked a little distance, surveying the magnificent pile of buildings with envious greed.

"A chance comes to all men once in their lives," he mutters, half aloud, as he looks upon the family mansion of the Earls of Drayton, "and my lucky star was in the ascendant when you wrote to me, my lady. If I live long enough I will be the owner and master of that house, in my wife's right, perhaps, but as I stand here I swear by all that's eternal I will have it!"

Had Lady Elizabeth heard the man taking this insane oath she would have thought she had been dealing with a madman. But no, he was sane enough, knew what he was promising [illegible] in his way, and the task, after all, as we shall find, if he could command all the attendant circumstances, just possible.

But the other baby, where was she? In a very different position from the child surrounded by wealth and luxury at the Abbey, and yet her eyes as blue as sapphires, her skin rivaling the white rose in its bloom, while strangers wonder that so dark a mother should have so fair a child. The fair child's pathway through life is strewn with thorns; and if roses there be any, they are in the far distance ahead.

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHECK BEFORE MATE.

There was the invitation to a pic-nic, and I knew Winnie must have had a hand in my getting it, but all the same I was miserable, dejected, jealous, and twenty-one. At last, after declaring I would not go a dozen times, I vowed I would.

"I'll get an answer, yes or no," I said. "A girl has no business to trifle like this with a man's feelings."

I was by no means the earliest arrival at The Elms, and as I reached the gate I could see the wagonettes waiting, and the ladies' dresses through the trees as the merry party strolled about the lawn, waiting for the hour to start—eleven precisely.

"How now, Jackson?" said Winnie's father brusquely, as he gave my straw-kidded hand a squeeze, and I saw him run his eye supercilliously over my costume, with the consequence that a hot flush ran up to the roots of my hair, and I felt quite cross as I walked across the lawn to where Winnie Morris was standing amidst a group of friends.

"I want to have five minutes' talk with you, Miss Morris," I said gravely. "Will you let me speak to you when we are at the Grove?"

"Certainly, Mr. Jackson," she said, half laughing at my serious aspect; and then I was alone and very uncomfortable; for nobody seemed to make any advances to me as I stalked solemnly about.

We reached the selected place, and at last I contrived that Winnie and I should be alone in one of the glades, where, in impassioned tones, I spoke of my love, begging for a reply.

"Really, Fred," cried Winnie at last, drawing away her hand, "I don't think you ought to ask for an answer so now. I have always liked you."

"But I ask for your love," I said gloomily.

"Why, we are both very young yet, Fred, and —— Come, we must go back to our friends."

"You reject me, then?"

"I'm afraid you are hungry, young man," said a voice that came upon me like a thunderclap "or you would not talk in that Byronic strain. I did not come to listen to you, but if you young people choose to talk stuff in public places you must take the consequences."

I gazed at the burly figure and straw hat before me, feeling endless humiliations.

"Papa!" exclaimed Winnie blushing.

"Not cross, my dear. You've behaved very sensibly. Now, young man, you mean marriage, I suppose?"

"Of course, sir."

"What is your income?"

"Well, sir, only a hundred a year, but ——"

"Yes; of course, improve and that sort of thing. You are a clerk to the late firm of Greedie & Spray?"

"To *the* firm, sir, and in their confidence."

"Late firm. In *The Gazette* this morning. Failed. Your income is nothing. Dinner's ready. Come, if you are not afraid of soiling yourself."

It was all over then. This was why I so easily got a holiday. I was desperate as the stern old fellow marched us off to the dinner spread beneath a great oak, and Winnie did not even glance at me.

I tore off my delicate gloves with a half-savage smile; hung my hat on a tree; and, kneeling down on the grass, I set to carving chickens for the guests.

"I can't degrade myself too much now," I said to myself; and somehow, in working hard and getting terribly hot in satisfying the wants of others, I forgot my own troubles, even wondering that I should laugh good-humoredly when in opening some bottled stout it spurted all over my pale vest and snowy shirt.

At last, just as we were about to return home, I was astounded by old Morris taking me by the arm.

"Fred," he said, "I took you for a fool, and a talker of dummy. I see you can act like a man under difficulties. Nothing like trouble to bring a man to his senses. Come to the counting-house in the morning. Be off; Winnie's keeping a place for you by her side."

I went to the counting-house the next morning, and came away with tears in my eyes, and they were not caused by the old man saying I was to talk no nonsense to Winnie for two years. In fact, I am now a partner in the firm, and—is it?—impossible!—yes, it is—fifteen years ago this very day.

M. VICTOR HUGO is reported to be worth over $1,000,000. He lives very economically, and rides in an omnibus. People wonder who will inherit his fortune. He has only one child living—a daughter. His son's children have been adopted by the wealthy and childless M. Lockroy, who married not long ago their widowed mother.

DISTURBANCE IN CHURCH.—The story comes from Deadwood that a member of a certain church congregation was bowie-knifed by a zealous deacon for putting a counterfeit quarter in the contribution-box, and the excited pastor, without leaving his pulpit, shot the good deacon for creating a disturbance during divine service.

HIS OPINION OF THE CLIPPER.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Here's yer CLIPPER—NEW YORK CLIPPER!
Neather volume just begun—
Don't forget it—she's a ripper—
Here yer are for No. 1.

Oldest of the sporting papers,
Likewise of them all the boss,
Never cuts no vulgar capers,
Though its cuts are good as sauce.

All about the drama in it,
Anything yer wants to know—
Find in just a half a minute
Name and place of any show.

All the actor fellers need it,
Them as fellers the profesh;
If they didn't buy and read it,
Guess their friends would think 'em fresh.

Then for sporting news, I tells yer
Here's the sheet that lays 'em low—
Never gives and never sells yer,
Gives the facts and doesn't blow.

All the sporting men they gets it,
Think its articles are prime—
Put their money, when they bets it,
With THE CLIPPER every time!

Talk about baseball—it glories
In that much-admired game,
While fer squibs and poems and stories
Taint no sucker on the same!

Chess and checkers, walking, boating,
Boxing, wrestling and the trigger,
Turf events correctly noting—
These THE CLIPPER has to rig 'er.

Here yer are! THE NEW YORK CLIPPER!
Volume Number Twenty-six.
Don't forget it—she's a ripper—
Here's the card that takes the tricks!

ENAC CROOK.

THE BRAKEMAN'S DEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY E. KAY SEE.

Night had set in with rain and wind, when the boy at the small hotel went to summon the doctor to the bedside of Jim Brachen—the brakeman who was hurt last week by the accident on the road, who had suddenly become worse—just as the people at the house were sitting down to supper. They were mostly railroad hands who stopped there, and all of them knew Jim, and were fond of him. It was a sad meal for them, because they felt it was the last they would eat in Jim's lifetime. His injuries were internal, and [illegible] to them all, even if they did not [illegible] told so by the doctor, that their old companion was dying. He was a fine fellow, was Jim; young, handsome, and intelligent. Nobody about the place knew much of his history before he came among them, but it was said he was the son of a rich man in a distant city, that he had been disinherited, and compelled to shift for himself, because he married against his father's wishes. Jim's wife died just after he obtained a place on the railroad, about a year after their marriage, and the men remembered the young man's grief, and how despondent he was for a long time afterwards. Indeed, it was this that drew many of their hearts to him, and from that time all of them loved Jim. They couldn't help it; for, as Roberts, the conductor of the train on which Jim ran, said at the table that night, as he abstractedly tapped his plate with his knife: "He was the kindest, gentlest, and most accommodating fellow that ever was." Then the conductor related how Jim once paid the fare of an old woman who had her pocket picked on the train; and how at the risk of his life he saved a child from being run over by a train which was approaching with lightning speed on the track the little one attempted to cross to reach its mother. These incidents in the life of the sick man recalled others to the minds of several of his fellow-brakeman, and they told them to the men present, who scarcely [illegible] mouthful of the food set before them.

"They couldn't eat," one of them, a [illegible] ginger, said, "for thinking if their old comr... When the doctor came they all quietly went upstairs with him, and waited outside the d... Brachen's room in silence, scarcely daring to breathe for fear of disturbing Jim, till they told they could enter. By the doctor's orders no persons except the nurse had been excluded from the room for the past few days, and when the men passed in it was plain to them that their friend had been failing fast since last they saw him. His cheeks were sunken and paler, and his eye had an unnatural brightness and an expression that told but too truly that his mind was wandering. He did not recognize them when they came in—he seemed scarcely to hear them, so quietly they stepped; but in a few minutes he asked:

"Doctor, are these the boys around me?"

When he was told they were, he smiled and tried to turn his head to see them better by the dim lamplight. The nurse helped him over on his side, and he murmured his thanks, and asked them all to come nearer to the bedside, and he put out his hand for them to grasp.

"Boys," he said, as the first one tenderly, almost reverently, took the thin, outstretched hand, "I'm going to leave you. I have felt, ever since

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1878.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

No Answers by Mail or Telegraph.

EUCHRE, Louisville.—1. "Assisting," although in some places it is entirely unknown, is a part of the old game of euchre. The best class of players will not permit it, however, since the introduction in some coteries, about seventeen years ago, of the absurd practice of permitting a player to go alone after his partner has virtually exposed his hand by proffering an assistance. He who now says he will "assist" is required, among the better class of players, to go alone, so that his partner can take no advantage of the virtual exposure of cards. 2. When "assisted" by your partner, you cannot play it alone at regular euchre, any more than you can turn it down. It is with cards as in everyday business—the declaration of one partner is binding upon the other. There cannot be two elections as to the one trump. If one player says "I assist," the shutting out of his opponents from going alone, his partner cannot say there shall be no assistance. 3. See answer to "PARON, Milwaukee." 4. There is such a game, in the book called "American Hoyle," as assisted euchre. Indeed, although the later game is seventeen years old, "American Hoyle" seems never to have heard of non-assisting euchre. When, therefore, you play euchre specifically according to "American Hoyle," you must play the assisting game, and also allow an assisted player to go alone, and likewise the partner of the player who makes or even orders up the trump.

L. D. C., Washington, D. C.—We prefer not to decide bets on such points, and we merely give you our opinion of the two parks. Central Park owes much of its attractiveness to artificial aids; the mall, the lake, and many of the surroundings are very pleasing to the eye, while the drives are superior to those in Fairmount Park, and the view from the highest point in the former, taking in many prominent places in Long Island Sound, the High Bridge, villages and public institutions adjacent to the city, etc., adds to the general ensemble; but for extent of ground, natural beauties, etc., Fairmount Park goes ahead of the Central. Again, Fairmount Park now includes territory on both sides of the beautiful Schuylkill River (as well as the romantic Wissahickon), with extensive drives on either side, and picturesque scenery such as cannot be found in the Central Park. Nature has been lavish of her gifts to Fairmount Park. Taking into consideration scenery, general grandeur, size and views, our opinion is that Philadelphia's park occupies first place.

FUGILIST.—On May 4, 1877, Billy Edwards accepted a challenge issued by the "Cast-iron Man" (Chas. Collins) to fight at 130lb. for $500 a side. He appointed May 8 as the day to meet and sign articles, but Collins did not attend. Edwards then left $50 for Collins to cover, but the latter made no response, and a fortnight later Billy took down to Jimmy Fox, the sporting editor of the Herald, a challenge to fight any 130lb man in America for $1,000 a side, the challenge, if not accepted by someone else, being left open to the winner of the second Collyer fight, then pending. Jimmy Fox accepted, and a meeting was held by the men and their friends, but they could not agree as to the time of going to scale, and it never came to a match.

G. B.—1. It is usually recalled now. There was a time when it could be correctly spelled in but one way. That was in the same way as the man's name was spelled after whom the street was named. It no longer could be thus spelt in Macdougal Street. Practically there is neither right nor wrong about spelling proper names, unless the individual who owns it can be identified; for if Brown says that his street was named after one Macdougal, Smith will maintain that it was named after a different man—McDougal.

C. H. N.—Sam Patch was a native of Pawtucket, R. I., who won considerable fame by leaping from high places into rivers, etc. On Oct. 12, 1828, he made a successful leap at Genesee Falls, and his last and fatal leap was made at the same falls Nov. 13, 1829. He jumped from a height of 300 feet, and there was a staging 25 feet high erected above the Falls, from which he jumped, thus making the entire distance 125 feet.

J. H. D., Detroit.—1. The cards having been quitted—that is, turned over—the play was confirmed, and could not be altered. The play had indeed been confirmed once before, by the call of "Quatorze." 2. A player is not obliged to accept it as a "go," or correct his call, which latter, assuming that he was aware of his error, he was in honor bound to do, but in honor only. 2. The non-dealer discards first.

N. H. S., Rochester.—In 1874 Goldsmith Maid made 2:16¼ and 2:16 at East Saginaw, Mich., 2:15½ at Buffalo, 2:14¾ at Rochester, and at Mystic Park, Boston, 2:14¼ and 2:14. Her fastest time prior to her 2:16½ and 2:16 at East Saginaw (July 16, 1874) was 2:16¾ at Mystic Park, Boston, June 19, 1872. She never made 2:14 at Milwaukee unless trotting to beat that time, in which case her 2:14 there would not be a record.

H. W., Buffalo.—1. We know nothing of the parties, further than that they advertise. 2. We are not in possession of thorough cattle statistics. 3. It would take about forty years to figure out "how many points there are in a pack of cards when playing cribbage." The conundrum is akin to asking how many possible moves there are in a chess-board.

T. E. B., New Orleans.—Spalding & Rogers built the Floating Palace in 1852, and traveled with a circus company for two years. Then Van Amburgh & Co.'s Menagerie traveled on it one season. This Floating Palace, with a circus, was the only show of the kind ever on the Western waters. There have been floating theatres before and since.

H. G. U., Washington.—No such letter was ever published in THE CLIPPER, and we do not remember ever to have seen such a statement that purported to bear a signature in any newspaper. The facts of the case will probably never be given to the public during the lifetime of the parties named.

PARON, Milwaukee.—The partner of the player who made the trump could not go alone, nor could either of his opponents. Only that player who assumed the responsibility of the trump, and that without consultation, as well as opponents, from having any say as to the trump, could go alone.

W. R. W., Cobourg.—The Great Eastern was once fitted up to carry 5,000 persons from England to Australia—800 first-class, 2,000 second-class, and 1,200 third-class. But she did not carry them. When she last came to New York she was fitted up to accommodate 2,000 passengers, but she got but 191.

C. E. K.—The sales being at $50,000, $40,000, and $45,000, the seller makes, of course, the difference between the intermediate sale and the last one. In other words, when he began he had a house that he sold for $50,000, and now he has $56,000 and no house. He is $5,000 ahead.

J. C. B., Milford.—Cutting or sawing slices off the tips of cues is the lazy man's way of preparing cues for the leathers. In a well-regulated room, where leathering is frequent, it would use up a cue inside of a year, by shortening it.

You have been doing right.

E. T. K., Kansas City.—If you had read attentively the notice at the head of our dramatic summary, you would have found an answer to your query. We reply personally to the numerous applicants for such positions would occupy too much time and space.

MISS M. A. C., Milbury.—Your best bet would be to make a trial. Or an engagement in some theatre or traveling company to play small business, technically called utility. To do this, go to Chicago and interview the various managers and dramatic agents there.

CUBE, Savannah.—1. No crew can rightfully lay claim to the title. 2. Daniel O'Leary is the champion long-distance pedestrian. Wm. Perkins is short-distance walk-the-chalk champion.

A matter of opinion.

F. F., Blairsville.—1. Will answer about Sadler and Green next week. 2. We prefer not to express our opinion as to who is the best chap dancer in this country. 2. What assistance? 4. Cannot say who is the richest man in the world.

E. B., Louisville.—1, 2. Brothers, and sons of the old tragedian Junius Brutus Booth. 3. From $5 to $12 per week, according to reputation and ability. 4. The term "Jim Crow" in our private business parlance simply denotes that the play is in writing, in contradistinction to printed plays. 5. Yes.

MUSICAL MOKE, Philadelphia.—1. From $40 to $100 per week, according to reputation and ability. 2. East Centre, or West centre, referring to a division of the city for postal purposes.

J. S., Poughkeepsie.—Fisler can play alike behind bat, on a base or in the open field. We never heard of his pitching. His original position was as catcher of the Camden Club.

JOHN F. WEISS, Bradford.—B loses. In the match between Harry Hicken and Bryan Campbell, in 1873, the men were confined to 130lb, and upon going to scale on the day of fighting each man weighed just 130lb.

GEORGE R. R., Pottsville.—In England the number of players on a side is eleven. In this country both elevens and fifteens are played. Ed. James' "Manual of Sporting Sports" will be of use to you. Price, 50 cents.

JACKSON SHAW, Phila.—Frank Kilsby defeated Tom King (who fought Heenan) in a scullers' race on the Thames championship course, Eng., May 20, 1867. The race was for £200, and Kilsby won easily by three lengths.

P. A. W., Winona.—C and his partner forfeit the game in penalty for C's having built a nine when he had no nine in hand. [Answer to a player do for his partner when himself.

toonto.—Such a feat has never been performance is scarcely possible. We would advise you to abandon the ty to prove profitable.

shot Philip Barton Key on ave it as her belief that he killed was shot on Feb. 25, 1855, and died

fowl that had the count wins, unless the other bird showed fight while the twenty was being counted. Running away did not lose the fourth fight under the circumstances.

Pongee ever ran at the rate of one mile in a minute in any part of his running. It is *said* that Flying Childers did so, but it is not credited by any turfman of intelligence. 2 See THE CLIPPER ALMANAC.

G. Fully satisfactory turning the deck-head down before A made a trick, the latter scores three in case B fails to make sixty-six.

JERRY M'AL—, York.—1. Your card will cost $1.80 for one month. 2. Wm. Huntley, we believe, is still teaching. Address him care of this office.

NICK, Virginia City.—The son would be an American citizen, and the father could, if he cared, avail himself of the obligation—if found here in perilous times.

A READER.—Of the two the violin is the more difficult instrument to learn, and it would require more than ordinary taste to make any instrument sound well in the hands of a novice.

A. R. N., Greenpoint.—A could take in all the tens he could find or put together, regardless of his not having included every one of them when he made his first ten.

D. H. A., Nashua.—Their names will shortly be published in our circus summary, and they can be addressed in care of this office. All engagements are not yet made.

PEDESTRIAN, Portsville.—Forward them to this office, and we will advertise them for the parties, who will send for them.

ADMIRER.—She was robbed Dec. 31, 1873. She made her American debut in this country Jan. 3, 1874. She did not act in "The Shaughraun" until Nov. 14, 1874.

CONSTANT READER, Morrisania.—The distance between here and Albany, as the crow flies, is about 130 by boat, starting from say Chambers street, N. R.

A. E. A., Boston.—1. The game was over when No. 4 called. 2. It is not necessary that all the balls shall have been pocketed.

A. B. C.—Weston, in his walk from Portland, Me., to Chicago, Ill., in the Fall of 1867, arrived at his destination in the Spring of the following year.

G. C. S., Cincinnati.—Barney Williams, who died in this city April 25, 1876, acted Ragged Pat in "Ireland as it Was" many hundred times.

UNION.—As we do not agree with you in all the severe things you say of the "English Talking Clown," we have deemed it best to omit your cleverly-written sketch.

CONSTANT READER.—William Foster Jr. is president of the Gilbert Elevated Road, and Chas. H. Clayton is secretary. Their offices may be addressed at 71 Broadway.

A. B. C.—He was in this city a few days ago, and his address can be learned at Booth's printing-office, corner of Ouster and Howard streets.

NEW ORLEANS.—There is no book treating especially of those games. They are treated of incidentally in "American Hoyle," for which see Ed. James' card.

W. H. ELY, Rand Worcester.—Riley rowed over the course at Greenwood Lake, and was awarded the prize, Courtney not starting.

J. P. M., Alexandria.—You can play with ten men on a side if mutually agreed upon, but the rules call for only nine men.

G. S., Paw tucket.—Lucille Western acted Lucretia Borgia many times, and Helen Western played Jack Sheppard frequently.

W. M. W., Seneca.—John F. Ryan informs us that "Olive Varcoe" has been dramatized by a lady living in Niagara Falls; she has submitted it to a manager in Philadelphia.

VINEGAR BAGS, Baltimore.—If A's pile was "sevens"—that is, counted fourteen—B could not build on it. If it was but "seven," B could make it "nine."

C. S. M., Sturgeon Bay.—1. The order of counting in pedro is high, low, jack, game, pedro. 2. The jack counts the same as at all-fours, or old-sledge.

OLD TIME, Chicago.—A magpie, when the game is blocked, he whose turn it is to play must draw all the remaining pieces.

P. M. B., Augusta.—He can discard a jack. The discard pile will show what he threw out, and consequently that he opened on aces.

A. O. W., Warsaw.—A made ten dollars, or the difference between the price at which he sold first and that at which he sold last.

G. M., Brownsville.—We think no company from this country has visited Newfoundland within the past two years.

E. P., Cleveland.—1. Alice Merritt. 2. He is living in Paris. "La Grande Duchesse" is probably the most popular. 3. A German. 4. About 4 feet 9 inches.

OLD READER.—1. Cannot give the address of any breeder of the strains of game fowls mentioned. 2. Yes; see Ed. James' advertisement.

R. B., Kingston.—No. The fowls caught to have been breasted and counted. A bird running away does not unnecessarily lose the fight.

W. H. D.—You having made the pile "seven," B could build it to "eight." If you added the seven-spot on the board, and called it "sevens," B could not build on it.

FIFTY, Baltimore.—B is out on his high. But he should have been out without that, inasmuch as A, by holding three, had given him three, if the game was played rightly.

C. H. S., La Grange.—The parties who threw 42 and 39 got nothing. If there were three throws of 44, the throw of 42 was not second highest, but fourth.

C. H. R., La Grange.—The three 44's were first, second and third highest. Your 43 was not second highest, but fourth highest.

VERITAS.—1. There were more Americans than foreigners, of a necessity. 2. Cannot say.

FRANK SUYDAM, San Francisco.—George Seward's 100 yards time has not been equaled.

M. C. H. A., New Britain.—$1.20 for each insertion, with name like Denier's.

STRAITS, Pittsburg.—Their business has passed into other hands.

JOHN M.—Tom Hyer defeated Yankee Sullivan at Rock Point, Kent Co., Md., Feb. 7, 1849.

ROCKS, Trenton.—Wheat and Allison ("Dudley") ran 115 yards over Pittsburg May 3, 1877.

VARNEY, Detroit.—1. No record to which we can refer. 2. Standing-start races only.

J. H. D., Pittsburg.—Tim Collins is in an insane asylum in Massachusetts.

FINE AND NEEDLES, Covington.—No answers by mail. There is no such work published.

W. G. W., Milwaukee.—The tree grows in length at both top and bottom.

NO SIGNATURE, Camp Halleck.—There are two runs of three in 2, 3, 1, 2, when they play inside of thirty-one.

HERMAN, Edenburg.—It is due to the magnetism of the magnetic pole.

L. A. G., Sanford.—From the U. S. Coast Survey, Washington, D. C.

FRENCH CARON, Indianapolis.—Jones has sixteen innings.

H. S., Camp Verde.—1. D loses all he has up. 2. B cannot take the card. The dealer must give him another.

G. C. B., Kansas City.—We have advertised your letter for him.

C. Y. Z., Boston.—Born in Harford County, Md., in November, 1833.

A. E. D., Detroit.—He claims that his name is Barrett, and there is no good reason to doubt it.

FRANK F., Bloomington.—Your friend has received all his letters. Try again, giving his line of business on the envelope.

F. B., Baltimore.—No answers by mail. She is living either in London, Eng., or its immediate vicinity.

C. S. BEAM, Dundee.—Joseph Greaves, the English jumper, stands 5ft. 8in. in height and weighs 140lb.

G. C., Newport.—Black-and-tan. Ed. James can send one for $25.

H. S. E., Yates.—Your subscription will expire with No. 3, Vol. 26. The two dollars received will extend it to No. 29.

CAMEO, Washington.—Tiffany & Co. or any of the leading jewelers can get it done for you.

G. W. V. AND L. E. H., Pensacola.—Shakespeare died on Tuesday, April 23, 1616, aged 52 years.

O. S. E., Buffalo.—1. Address him in care of this office. 2. Texas, fine, agate measure, for space you occupy.

Z. W., White Cloud.—No answers by mail. State his line of business, and we will endeavor to inform you.

W. S., Chicago.—Either advertise or apply in person to managers or their general agents. Handwriting is good.

H. S. R., Easton.—Address Scott & Co., Broadway, near Fulton street, for their catalogue.

HOPE, Pittsburg.—"The Return Match," "Soliloquy to a Departed Friend," "The Drunkard," "At the Window."

G. A. L., Canajoharie.—The public and private debt of this or any other country cannot be ascertained.

CUBERAGE, Phila.—When we receive your question, we shall answer it.

MARCO, West Troy.—We cannot spare the space to give the boundaries of the various police-precincts in this city.

OLD CLIPPERITE.—We are unable to verify any such statement.

AN ANXIOUS MOTHER, Philadelphia.—Address a letter to Alis in care of this office.

S. R. SEYFERT, Reading.—Send 50 cents to Ed. James, as per advertisement, for "The Manual of Sporting Rules."

E. M. S., Clinton.—We know of no book that contains the song named.

SCHNEIDER, Newark.—Joseph Jefferson never introduced a live dog in "Rip Van Winkle."

F. C. D., Atlanta.—The greatest seating capacity of all theatres in this city is that of the Stadt, which is 3,015.

A READER, Franklin.—At euchre a party can order up a trump, make one, without having a trump in his hand.

J. H., Elmira.—Published in THE CLIPPER dated Jan. 19.

M. W., Montreal.—The St. Albans raid was on Oct. 19, 1864.

A READER, Baltimore.—Apply to Wright & Sanford.

H. Z. A., Lynn.—It is customary to measure both ways.

A. C. D.—There is no champion jig-dancer of America.

CASSINO, Boston.—It cannot be so raised to "nine."

INQUIRER, Albany.—George Lang, Broadway.

P. H. H.—Robert Bonner paid $33,000 for Dexter.

OLD SUBSCRIBER.—"Alixe" is a comedy-drama.

"WILLIE ST. CLAIRE."—That is not our tongue.

E. L., 1, 2, 2, 3, counts two points, as per card.

DILLOY, Wilkesbarre.—B follows his partner.

G. AND D.—4, 2, 6, 3, 5, give G. a run of five.

SPORT, Pittsburg.—See CLIPPER ALMANAC.

R. G. E.—The lady has received the letter.

TOM AND JERRY.—You are both wrong.

P. S. I., Cleveland.—Cannot say.

M. E. W., Cleveland.—Sancho.

NELSON.—B is out.

MORE LAURELS.—We have walked away with the laurels of victory won on the well-trod Agricultural field of London. As O'Leary has defeated all competitors, literally walking some of them blind, we have no hesitation in claiming him as our American representative at the Court of St. James. He endeavored to warn Vaughan that his steps would be futile; that, for him, long and weary would be the way; but the latter persevered with a persistency worthy of all praise; Corkey was corked up at an early stage of the proceedings; and, believing that it would never do to give it up so, Mr. Brown, the latter kept up a stern chase with a forward movement characteristic of the gallant walker. These were all "foreigners," as you will observe, and were treading their native heath beneath the approving smiles of "fair women and brave men," but they lacked those great essentials "go" and "stay;" and so the "American" waltzed past them as if they had been milestones, and he came in a winner of the great International Walking-match amid the plaudits and other encouraging manifestations of the thousands assembled to witness the finishing steps at the outcome. Thus have we snatched another feather from the European cap; thus has another gem been added to the cluster of our brilliant achievements on a "foreign" shore.

"THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR."—The advent of Mrs. Julia A. Moore, the sweet singer of Michigan, seems to have borne good fruit, for champion sweet singers are springing up like bull-toads. It would appear from the appended communication, which was recently sent to the editor of *The* [illegible] been claiming the sweet-singership of Pennsylvania, and, probably, attempted to cast a slur upon the musical culture of a neighboring State; but a greater than he has arisen to defend New Jersey against the assaults of that Pennsylvania Dutchman, and the Jersey singer seems to be "a bigger man than Grant," or Fitzhugh, or the Pennsylvania singer," as witness the caustic remarks below:

I see by your paper that a cuss called Maxwell Gwin calls himself the Sweet Singer of Penna. Now I don't brag much as the Sweet Singer, but I think I can lay over Gwin all the time. I can rip all the fur off him in less than two minutes. When I begin to warble I make the dishes dance on the table to every chord. I'm the sweet singer! I am, but talk's cheap, and whiskey costs money. As I mean biss all the time, I will meet Maxwell Gwin—in any Public hall in Phila, one hundred dollars aside, to be awarded to him who the Committee of Arbitration shall decide which is the Sweetest Singer—the poetry to be made off hand, on any given subject. do you hear me old man?

Yours Truly JOSHUA WERAWY.
A Sweet Singer of the Jerseys.

THE INTERNATIONAL BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP.—In our baseball department will be found a list of the prizes offered by THE CLIPPER for competition among the teams belonging to the International Association, and a code of rules for the guidance and government of competitors. Among others, we look to the Internationals to uphold the supremacy of our national game, and, by harmonious action, good, square play, and thorough manly bearing, to set an example to the incoming multitude of ball-players. Let the International competition be conducted on fair principles, and the game will receive an impetus which will carry it forward beyond all former seasons. In the friendly competition for our prizes we can but give utterance to the familiar sporting sentiment: "A fair field, no favor, and may the best men win."

LOOK OUT.—We stop the press to announce that one day last week several hard-working girls in Philadelphia were somewhat poisoned by eating codfish balls sold by a peripatetic vender of the sweet morsel. We would advise our readers to refrain until an analysis of the injurious fish-balls has been scientifically made.

IT WERE BETTER, perhaps, that sleighs be put away in camphor until next season, for there is no further use for them here. The season has been a dead failure, and it's no wonder. Now that we have elevated railroads, sleighs are of no sort of use any more.

THERESE L. WEED, a correspondent informs us, is the name of a young lady at Vassar, and he volunteers the uncalled-for remark that many a young man *loves Therese L.* [By giving this the true French accent you will have "*loves to wrestle!*"]

SHOULD the assassins of Armstrong be executed, and their bodies dissected, it is more than probable that the brain of each will be found to weigh seven ounces more than that of Daniel Webster.

THE *fresh*-men of Princeton College, since they were *as-sault*-ed by the *sophs*, have become somewhat *hard*-ened, one of the results of their hard-earned triumphs in their muscular exercises.

TOM ANDERSON, my Tom John, was *in* but a short time, and since his release he wants to know what they are going to do about it. By "they," he means "we the people."

"OUR JIM," who gets things fearfully mixed, says Spalding's baseballs will be sure to stick when caught, because they are covered with that gentleman's prepared glue.

AN OLD "*Salt*" says that his war-life was very *spicy*, for the enemy "gave him *pepper*" while in it, and his friends caused him to be "*mustered*, out of it!"

PARDON US for informing you that undertakers, like generals, *handle bodies of men!* It may be thought that this is *tomb* much levity on a *grave* subject.

TALK about the Lord's Prayer being on a gold dollar! Why, we've seen a hundred pages of manuscript *written on a woman's hand!*

THE BROADWAY STATUE is beginning to bloom again on the corners of that great thoroughfare.

IT IS not likely that Hunter, of Armstrong notoriety, will longer rely on his Graham-bred diet!

CATNIP TEA should be sown about this time, if a full crop is desired in the Summer months.

THE HUNTER business has somewhat overshadowed the Charley Ross trade in Philadelphia.

IS IT fair to assume that Don Cameron will be a done Cameron after his marriage?

THE CLIPPER'S OLD VOYAGE AND NEW.

Twenty-five years! The pilot lets go the wheel for a moment to look back over the long course he has sailed. Long, did we say? Why, it seems but yesterday since THE CLIPPER set forth on its voyage—but yesterday that, with modest hopes, the modest craft launched out into a sea of untried journalism. And yet these crowded memories, these varied experiences, could not spring from any yesterday. Here is the log-book. There is no mistaking the record. "Volume Twenty-six." Which means that THE CLIPPER's voyage has covered a quarter of a century. May not the pilot then be pardoned for turning his gaze backward?

When THE CLIPPER had completed its first volume, this assurance was given to its patrons: "We prefer to work our way slowly and surely; but nothing will be left undone to render THE NEW YORK CLIPPER worthy the support and patronage of the public." At the same time it was added: "If we receive the same patronage for this as we did for the first volume, we shall be perfectly content." To-day we turn back to these early utterances with a peculiar sense of satisfaction. It is still our choice to work slowly and surely—slowly, that the work may be well done; surely, that every step taken may be forward. THE CLIPPER of to-day is THE CLIPPER of twenty-five years ago. The same hand still holds the helm; the same purpose serves as a beacon to guide the ship. Only the outward form, the size and shape of the craft, the cargo and the crew—these have changed. And what a wondrous change it is! Turning the musty leaves of this first volume, we find a small, four-page paper, its contents unenlivened by illustrations, and its typographical appearance a trifle clumsy. The reading matter, all told, would not fill more than a couple of pages of this journal. The advertisements are few, and far from "fat." THE CLIPPER readers of to-day would find it hard to recognize in this little sheet their companion of later years. And yet we turn the yellow pages with a feeling akin to reverence. Here was the beginning of a work which to-day rounds a quarter of a century—a work which has grown to such proportions as were never dreamed of in those struggling days.

Yes, THE CLIPPER has had its struggles. It has sailed over some rough seas, and been hemmed in, at times, by fogs. What would our twenty-five years' experience be worth, had it brought us nothing but calm waters and peaceful skies? Life would be an insipid thing stripped of its trials. A man needs to be knocked down, now and then, by the hard fist of Fate, that he may have the chance to show his pluck in getting up again. A gracious Providence did not deem such chances, in early life, to THE CLIPPER pilot. The experience may have been sharp, at times, but the remembrance now serves only to give a sweeter flavor to the past. No man has a right to complain because compelled to work. Unless he has mistaken his calling, he should find his keenest enjoyment in the performance of his daily task. Holding to this belief, we can say, in perfect sincerity, that, in spite of storm and tempest, in spite of shoals and rocks, in spite of the tumultuous seas which have sometimes threatened to engulf us, we have still found satisfaction and pleasure throughout all our voyage. It is easy, we know, thus to become philosophers after the goal of success has once been reached; but it is our modest opinion that the goal would never have been reached without somewhat of this pluck and singleness of purpose which our philosophy teaches. That THE NEW YORK CLIPPER is to-day the leading dramatic and sporting journal of America is due, we think, largely to this fact: From its earliest issue it has occupied a clearly defined position—a field which it has been content to cultivate without encroaching upon the chosen territory of others. This steadfastness of purpose has enabled it to concentrate its energies, to furnish complete and trustworthy reports of those events which come within its province, and to make constant improvement in its several departments. New features have been added from time to time, but the main purpose has never been lost sight of.

And now, at the outset of a new volume, we can offer no stronger inducement than the simple declaration that the paper will continue in its old course. As in the past, it will present, each week, a complete summary of dramatic and sporting news. As in the past, it will seek to furnish accurate information on all subjects properly included within its scope. The Stage has found, and will continue to find, an earnest champion in THE CLIPPER. No snarling criticisms, prompted by petty jealousy or personal spite, will mar its columns. Neither will it seek to curry favor by fulsome flattery. These things do not help the drama, but tend rather to bring it into disrepute. For the ball-field, the turf, boating, pedestrianism, and all other forms of outdoor sports, the same care as heretofore will be exercised in making our reports thorough and satisfactory. The game of baseball, which has had its origin since the foundation of THE CLIPPER, has attained to such remarkable popularity as to justify us in devoting a considerable proportion of space to this subject. During the forthcoming season we shall continue to print reports of all the more important games, together with such comments as the circumstances may seem to demand. As each department of the paper is under the immediate supervision of men peculiarly adapted for their special work, the reader may be assured that no single feature will be made to overbalance the others. We shall continue to mete out wisdom to all who seek it through the correspondents' column; and the freshest and best of original contributions, both in the way of prose and verse, will find a prominent place in these pages. All this, it will be observed, is nothing more than a continuance of the old policy. Perhaps we should add that we have no promises to make for the future. Parlor-organs, chromos and dictionaries are capital things in their way, but we cannot undertake to supply them to our patrons. Our ambition never soared to that height. Nor have we ever been guilty of a weakness for the spread-eagle prospectus. Rather have we sought to make every issue of the paper a promise in itself—every column a prospectus. So shall we endeavor to do hereafter.

With the kindliest feelings towards those who may take passage with us, and strong in the confidence which success inspires, we sail forth upon another voyage. No longer through untried waters does THE CLIPPER cleave its way. Now is the course familiar and the channel plain and straight. The shifting tides of time will not drive the staunch vessel upon the rocks. It will sail bravely on, long after the hand that now holds the helm has relaxed its grasp forever. Twenty-five years! And the pilot is once more at the wheel, with his gaze fixed forward, instead of backward!

IT IS with a certain degree of pride and gratification we call the attention of our readers to the brand-new suit of type in which this number of THE CLIPPER is clothed from truck to keelson. Sad must be the feelings of those unfortunate publishers who are compelled to wear their old clothes just as the Spring is opening; but we *all* cannot be blessed bondholders.

IF ENGLAND isn't very careful, she'll get herself into trouble about that Turkey shoot. Things have a rather squally look over there. It is cheering to know that we are so far from the seat of war, else "the greatest nation on the face of the earth" might be drawn into the quarrel.

SPRING LAMB is nearly ripe. We have received a few samples from the South, but they lack that flavor which is inseparable from the Northern growth. Mint sauce, fresh from the Philadelphia Mint, is already in market. Guess ethereal mildness is coming.

AND WHAT MAKES it still more mortifying to the "foreigner" is that the "American" beat them upon their own ground, "three thousand miles away?"

WHAT'S THE MATTER with the Boston Common? We haven't heard much about it of late, whereas it used to be a Common topic of conversation.

INTEREST in the new dollar is dying out, because it won't buy any more pie than an old dollar!

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

*** March 18: St. Patrick's Day—continued..... Senator Dorsey said he didn't. Charges of implication in the postal frauds a base lie.....Louisiana Supreme Court ordered Returning-board Anderson's release.....President reappointed Ada Sweet pension-agent at Chicago. Who wouldn't aid a sweet agent like that? .....Jail-breakers in South Carolina recaptured. Illicit distilleries raided. Thus the good work of reconstruction goes on.....Boston bank-depositors quieting down. .....O'Donovan Rossa in Toronto. Lectured to 100 persons. Crowd outside threw stones and things at the hall. O'Donovan unhurt.....Mistaking aconite for whiskey, Michael Terrill of Yonkers took four fingers and died.....Peter Mahoney sent up for life in Boston. Murder.....John Morrissey well enough to come home.....Bill in the Senate to make eight hours a day's work. We move to amend by making it a week's work.....Indians in Dakota suffering from want of food. Scalps scarce.....City news: St. Patrick reigned without rain—green flags everywhere—parade—dinners—glory—hats—mud —headache; suits against the Bond-street Bank trustees—their bond's as good as their word; annual dinner of Sorosis; Kate Spitaleri aged six, burned to death in Spring street; original of picture No. 1,269 in the B. Ogues' Gallery, otherwise Mary Ann Healey, arrested for pocket-picking on Broadway; celebration of Purim among Jewish citizens; further argument to remove Receiver Chamberlain.....Brooklyn Aldermen excited. Council Chamber guarded by ropes and police. But Aldermen usually leave the ropes. .....By cable: Banquet to Cardinal McCloskey in Rome; wreck of the American schooner Jessie Carroll off Vera, Spain; Russians advancing from Tirnova.....Fires: In Panama, March 6, destroying half of the principal plaza—loss $500,000; the Eutaw House and stores in Jonesboro, Tenn.—loss $20,000; a slight blaze in the Kelley House, this city—loss $500; stores at Depauville, N. Y.—loss $8,000; store at Wheatley, Ont.—loss $10,000.

*** March 19: Lively times in Toronto. O'Donovan Rossa's lecture led to brickbats and a riot. .....Secretary Sherman told a Senate Committee that resumption is practicable. Of course. The way to resume is to resume.....Senator Robinson vetoed bill providing for the removal of convicts from prison to testify in courts of justice. They must hereafter do their testifying before they get to prison.....Apportionment Bill ordered to a third reading in the New York assembly. Thought it was the three hundred and third.....Legislative Committee reported that the New Jersey Bill of admitting all boys who apply—which is as it should be; Commissioner Davenport declined to give up his quarters in the Post-office to the Revenue Collector; unknown man fell dead in the Bowery; John Hildebrand found dead in an Oliver-street hallway; prisoner died in Oakes'een police-station—all of which only go to prove that as temperance lectures.....Masked robbers in Reading, Pa.....Steam-pipe explosion caused panic in a Paterson, N. J., school.....By cable: English House of Commons discussed the ocean mail service; Gen. Grant in Naples.....Fire destroyed the house of James Sullivan at New Brighton, Staten Island, with all his clothes and $1,500.

*** March 20: New York Senate passed bill to procure site for another State prison. Thus does the mighty march of progress, etc.....James Graham of Philadelphia confessed the murder of Armstrong at Camden, N. J. Said Hunter hired him to do the job. Struck Armstrong with hammer, and Hunter finished work. Nice sort of people in the town of brotherly love!.....Gov. Prescott's majority in New Hampshire 941.....Annual report of soldiers' homes—8,000 men cared for during the year.....Two men killed on the railroad in Newark, N. J.; a woman at Orange Valley, and a woman and child at Roselle. Don't walk on the rails.....Fires: Methodist church, Howardsville, Va.....Woman-suffrage bill defeated in the Massachusetts Legislature. But Boston does not object to the girls singing bass. .....City news: More clubbing by policemen; the Goethe Club dined Bayard Taylor at Delmonico's; Constant Cement took Paris-green because he could not get work; Fred Douglass's name he should have stuck to life more manfully; Brewers and Grocers' Bank to wind-up business; Wm. C. Brandon sentenced to five years' imprisonment for stealing McK. W. Jones' furniture; John A. Grow tried on the charge of fraudulently drawing interest; ghost in East Thirty-eighth street—disenchantment; spiritualism common in that neighborhood; coal up again; James McHenry began a new suit against Erie; Albert Keffer, Hester street, playing with a cartridge, recovery doubtful; fourteen-year-old girl fell from the roof of an Elizabeth-street house; Ellen Higgins took poison—will die.....Mother and child found murdered and mutilated near Wheeling, West Va. A fourteen-year-old girl outraged and killed. Woman's husband and brother-in-law arrested..... By cable: Earl Roseberry married to Hannah de Rothschild—the bride a beautiful girl—dress worth millions; typhus-fever raging among the Russian troops.....Fires: The Gordon Block, Cleveland, O.—loss $225,000; Steer & Turner's organ-factory at Westfield, Mass. —loss $26,000; drug and book stores at Atlanta, Ga.—loss $16,000.

*** March 21: The Navy Bill passed the House. $14,000,000. It's nice to be a navy, if not a knave. .....Ten-dollar silver certificates to be issued. We may yet become bondholders.....Mints organized with coin.....Another Excise Bill in the New York Senate....Wm. Ide got drunk in Foster, R. I., and beat his wife for the last time. She shot and killed him. And this is about the Ides of March.....State-Senator Boss of California in trouble. Threatened with hanging if he doesn't resign. Finds letter on his desk with skull and cross-bones. Which makes Bones cross.....Dr. Felix Adler refused permission to lecture in a Chicago synagogue. Danger of injuring Chicago's morals.....New York Assembly voted to pension old and disabled members of the Metropolitan Police force. Now let every policeman get somebody to club him.....Woman in Manchester, N. J., eloped with her brother-in-law. The advantage of this is that she gets along without a new mother-in-law.....Blasius Pistorious, a Catholic priest, convicted of bigamy in Philadelphia.....Wm. Burns sentenced at Syracuse, N. Y., to life imprisonment. Seventeen drinks of cider and seven of whiskey led him to kill a man..... City news: Suicides numerous—Charles D. Smith cut his throat with a razor, John Zelenka took Paris-green, Emil Gall shot himself, Minnie Johnson drank laudanum, Louis Seidel fired three shots at himself; stock-brokers engage in a fight —the "puts" were backbanders, and the call "time;" Minnie Watson, the pretty thief, arraigned in the Tombs; Jane Moran fatally burned in West Forty-third street; sale of oil paintings for less than the price of frames.....Brooklyn dentist found Mrs. Levitz's deformed body in his cellar. Card announced that "old strychnine did it."".....Fires: Brewery at Stapleton, Staten Island, with two or three dwellings and 700 kegs of beer—firemen got drunk—loss about $275,000; oil refinery at Cleveland—man killed—loss $25,000; Ocean House at East Providence, R. I.—loss $7,000; Whitlock's machine shop at Birmingham, Ct.—loss $2,500.

*** March 22: Rhode Island Democratic Convention nominated a State ticket.....Indianapolis wants the new mint....John Wallace, at Wheeling, W. Va., confessed to triple murder. Mob ready to hang him.....At West Alexandria, also in W. Va., gouged his wife in the stomach until she died.....Boiler explosion at Richmond, Va. Five persons killed.....Application filed for a rehearing in the Anderson case in New Orleans. Is the court to be bored by returning to the Returning Board?—or words to that effect.....Secretary Evarts investigating the Halifax award. Congressmen getting ready to make speeches. Action on account of fish.....Representative Eaton told the House that Ben Noyes had been kidnapped. R. E. in favor of making a noise about the matter.....Contested seat for the Fourteenth New York Assembly District awarded to Charles H. Duell. This Duell victory ought to satisfy both.....Samuel Chambers and George Collins, colored, hanged at Newcastle, Del. Declared their innocence on the scaffold. Exit the Tarrytown (N. Y.) Bank. Couldn't tarry longer.....City news: No armory in Washington square—State Legislature voted not to destroy the city's parks; strawberries a dollar a quart—the variety known in Lent, anyway; John Schultz drowned in a pool in a Courtland-avenue cellar; Henry, Curran & Co.'s creditors agreed to take 37½ cents on the dollar—no inflation of the Currancy there; Detective Muldoon punished in the Police Gymnasium by a fellow-officer; counsel not allowed to show how insanely Commodore Vanderbilt made money; the Dickinson divorce granted; young Walter Walker skipped with $2,600 worth of diamonds belonging to his mother—a lesson not to have diamonds; Bernard Gluckman died in an East Broadway synagogue.....By cable: And the bold O'Leary did not weary; Thessalian villages sacked by the Turks.....Fires: Farmer's tobacco warehouse at Danville, Va., with other buildings—loss $80,000; Nick's tobacco factory at Palmira, N. Y.—loss $25,000; Cornell's Hotel at Melbourne, Ont.—loss $32,000; dwelling in Brooklyn, N. Y.—loss $6,000.

*** March 23: More of McGarrahan. Attempt to blacken Judge Black's reputation.....Highwaymen in Brooklyn take $3,500

MILLING IN CONNECTICUT.—Jack Glennan and Tom Allen, young men residing at Greenwich, Ct., recently had a rough-and-tumble fight, but were separated by mutual friends. Neither was willing to let it rest there, however, and an agreement was entered into to settle their differences by a contest governed by the rules of the P. R. This they did on the morning of March 20, a short distance from the village, some fifty spectators being on hand. Glennan, who is the lighter man of the two, was repeatedly knocked down, but fought gamely, administering about as much punishment as he received, and finally winning in the thirtieth round. Both contestants were badly gruelled. The winner was seconded by his brother, while Patsy Doran waited upon Allen. It was claimed by the latter's friends that the blow which doubled him up in the last round was struck too low down, and the general impression seemed to be that Allen is the better man.

ARTHUR MULLEN, the clever Brooklyn member of the Order of Fives, will receive a testimonial benefit at Mozart Garden, corner of Smith and Fulton streets, that city, on Monday evening, April 8. There will be an athletic and variety feast on this occasion, among the chief advertised attractions being boxing bouts between Mullen and Prof. McClellan, Johnny Dwyer and Joe Goss. A half-dollar takes you in.

THE TESTIMONIAL to William Higgins at Harry Hill's on Thursday, March 21, attracted a large assembly, who had no difficulty in passing a pleasant afternoon. The wind-up was between Higgins and Johnny Murphy, and fully equaled expectations.

JOHN WOODS is keeping a saloon in Boston. We hear that his eyesight has become considerably improved.

PEDESTRIANISM.

O'LEARY WINS THE BELT.
He Covers 540 1-4 Miles in 139 Hours 10 Minutes.

With the conclusion of the Astley tournament in London, Eng., on Saturday evening, March 23, there was flashed over the wires the announcement that Daniel O'Leary, America's representative, had walked off with first honors, giving a consummate beating to a large field of the best walkers and runners Great Britain could pit against him, and accomplishing a wonderful performance. The tournament was held at Agricultural Hall, and the conditions governing it were:

Sweepstakes of 150sovs. each, for all comers; each competitor to make, by running or walking, the best of his way on foot (without assistance) for six days and six nights, c., to start at one o'clock A. M. on Monday, March 18, 1878, and finish at half-past ten o'clock P. M., March 23. The man accomplishing the greatest distance in the specified time to be the champion pedestrian of the world, and to have intrusted to his keeping a belt, value £100, and receive £500; second, £100; third, £50; and any competitor covering a distance of 400 miles to receive back his stake with an additional £10. Any competitor (other than the first three men) covering more than 500 miles to have an additional £5 for every three miles over the 500 miles, such amount not to exceed £40. The surplus receipts (if any) over expenses to be either divided between the competitors who have covered more than 400 miles in the same proportion as the prizes, or awarded in further prizes to encourage pedestrianism. Two tracks were laid down—one for Englishmen and one for foreigners—the former measuring seven laps and the latter eight laps to the mile.

Of the twenty selected competitors, E. J. Weston, Peter Crossland and G. Parry did not start, the contestants being James Bailey of Sittingbourne, H. Brown ("Blower") of Fulham, W. Corkey of London, Joseph Noyes of Oswestry, Salop; George Hazael of London, Geographie of North Woolwich, George Johnson of Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire; S. E. Johnson of Wrexham, W. Lewis of Islington, C. Margin of Yatton, Bristol, F. Mc'ary of York, James McLeavy of Alexandria, Daniel O'Leary of Chicago, U. S. A.; J. Smith of York, W. Smith of Paisley, W. H. Smythe of Dublin and America, Harry Vaughan of Chester, and Charley Rowell, the latter quite a well-known pedestrian, who had sent in a sovereign each, appeared the name of Wm. Howes, who won the recent 5 hours walk, joining a grand performance, and much disappointment was felt because of his non-participation, many being of opinion that he had a better chance than any other of those who were opposed to O'Leary. Howes stated that the entry of his name was made without his consent, and that he never had any intention of taking part, preferring to engage in a match with the winner for £200 a side, O'Leary preferred. Whether or not he could have made a better fight with the American than Vaughan did is an open question, but Lewis, who pressed Howes quite closely, never had a shadow of a chance in last week's competition; how far he extended we do not know, as his name was not mentioned in any of the dispatches received after the first day. From these cablegrams, the figures in which cannot be relied upon as absolutely correct, we glean the following information regarding the progress of the contest:

MONDAY, 1 P. M.—O'Leary, 66½ miles; Corkey, 65; Smith, 61. At 7 P. M.—Corkey, 94; Brown, 86; Lewis, 85; Mc'Leavy, 85; Vaughan, 82; O'Leary, 81; Ide, 80. At midnight—Corkey, 113; O'Leary, 112; Vaughan, 101 McLeavy and Brown, 100 each. O'Leary had kept on a run until he left the track in the afternoon, having a good deal at the time. Upon resuming he went off at a brisk walking gait and kept it up.

TUESDAY, 3 o'clock P. M.—O'Leary, 160; Corkey, 159; Brown and Vaughan, 153 each; the others afar off. O'Leary suffered considerably from giddiness; Corkey was in excellent condition and making it hot for the American. At 7 P. M.—O'Leary and Corkey, 174 miles each; Brown, 170; Vaughan, 169. None of the remaining contestants had done more than 148 miles, and thus early it was made apparent that the real contest lay between those named. O'Leary in the evening abandoned the running tactics which he had pursued pretty much all day, and was in better fix, having recovered from his attack of dizziness. Vaughan was now forcing the pace, finishing his miles in quicker time than O'Leary. Betting had, from even on Daniel against the field, changed somewhat more in favor of Vaughan and Corkey, who were going along steady and strong, and were looked upon as dangerous rivals to him. Nevertheless during the night O'Leary gained a long lead, increasing the confidence of his friends.

WEDNESDAY, 1 A. M.—O'Leary, 200; Corkey, 190; Brown, 188; Vaughan, 184; Smith, 158. At 3 P. M.—O'Leary, 249; Vaughan, 237; Brown, 233; Corkey, 229. At midnight—O'Leary, 284; Vaughan, 271; Brown, 269.

THURSDAY, 11:30 A. M.—O'Leary, 318; Vaughan, 305; Brown, 298. At 3 P. M.—O'Leary, 326; Vaughan, 315; Brown, 308. Vaughan, though suffering severely from sore feet, had kept fruitful the pretty steadily all day and had gained on the leader. Corkey was compelled to take a long rest, having been seized with severe pains in the legs. At midnight—O'Leary, 373; Vaughan, 359; Brown, 351.

FRIDAY, 11 A. M.—O'Leary, 403; Vaughan, 390; Brown, 364. Corkey, Smith and Ide many miles behind, but gamely persevering. Both Brown and Vaughan ran at intervals, while O'Leary kept up the same steady style which he had maintained since Tuesday. He was, however, suffering considerably, not from fatigue, but from painful chafing, while his left leg seemed somewhat stiffened on that account. At 7 P. M.—O'Leary, 438½; Vaughan, 426. At this time 30,000 persons were present. The rush to witness the contest continued, and as the band played American airs it inspired the American, and he put on spurt after spurt amid cheers that shook the building. At midnight—O'Leary, 457; Vaughan, 441; Brown, 415½.

SATURDAY.—The excitement became intense as the last day wore on, and the great building was filled to overflowing. A dispatch sent at noon read: "O'Leary is somewhat sore and his feet are sore, but he is walking at a steady pace, evidently reckoning on scoring the victory. Vaughan is in high hand, and his gait is more fast, but the effort of an absolute collapse can prevent him from winning." At 2 P. M.—O'Leary, 495; Vaughan, 470; Brown, 447. At 4 P. M.—O'Leary, 510; Vaughan, 478; Brown, 453. At 5 P. M.—O'Leary, 510; Vaughan, 478; Brown, 453. At 5 P. M.—O'Leary, 508; Vaughan, 483; Brown, 458. At 5 P. M.—O'Leary, 512; Vaughan, 495; Brown, 468. At 7 P. M.—O'Leary, 516; Vaughan, 497; Brown, 472. The contest collapsed rather suddenly. Vaughan completed 500 miles at 7:38 o'clock and then retired. O'Leary walked until 9:40 o'clock, when he had completed 530 miles and 2 laps, and then left the track. Brown walked till 8:30 o'clock, scoring 477 miles and 2 laps. Ide also walked till 8:30, scoring 405 miles and 4 laps. Soon after he was then declared winner amid the playing of national airs and boundless excitement and enthusiasm. The victor, it will be observed, had two hours and twenty minutes to spare when he left the track, and was therefore capable of making a much better record had there been any occasion to persevere. His time for the full distance was 139h. 10min. He accomplished 419½ miles 265 yards in 14th. 6min. 10sec. in his match with Weston at the same place last year, which ranks as the better performance of the two for the reason that then O'Leary walked every foot of the journey, whereas last week he trotted during a great part of the first forty-eight hours.

AN EIGHT HOURS MATCH.

J. McLeavy and W. Smith engaged in an eight hours' trial of endurance and speed at the Shawfield Recreation Grounds, Glasgow, Scotland, March 9. The men agreed to start walking, and run the last two hours, but McLeavy made the pace so hot that Smith had to take an occasional canter to keep with him. About an hour after the start rain began to fall, and continued at intervals all day, drenching alike the competitors and spectators. At fifteen miles (time, 2h. 56min. 20sec.), McLeavy led by fully 500 yards, when Smith retired, and, putting on his running shoes, ran twelve miles, thus obtaining a lead of four miles. McLeavy retired for a bath and change of clothes after walking twenty-two miles (time, 4hours 6min. 25sec.) On returning to the track McLeavy stated his intention to walk till six o'clock P.M., at which time he had completed the distance of thirty-five miles. Smith still being four miles in front (time, 6 hours 49min.). After leaving the track Smith walked another lap, when he was told by his backers to stop, it raining heavily.

THE FRIENDS OF GEORGE WALLACE, the great English sprinter who was at scratch with 25½yds. in the late 21l. handicap at Hyde Park Recreation Ground, in which he was beaten by a foot by Hutchens, 8½yds. start, have started a subscription for him, by way of consolation for his failure to win their admiration for his qualities as a runner. Wallace was born March 3, 1852, stands 5ft. 11¾in., and weighed 192½ on the day of the handicap alluded to.

A HALF-MILE HANDICAP, for £10, was run at the Moss Park Grounds, Manchester, Eng., March 9. Out of forty entries twenty-nine started, the favorite being Langford at 2 to 1, while 4 to 1 were laid against Shelmerdine and Dodd. Fenwick Hoskins, 17 yards start, first; E. Dodd, 30, second; Pearson, 30, third; J. Langford, 35, fourth. George M. Wells of America started, from the 20 yards mark.

GALE'S LATEST WALK.—Wm. Gale entered upon his 4,000th quarter mile (in an exhibition walk of 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 consecutive ten minutes) at 9.30 A. M., March 9, at Hull, Eng., and at 10 A. M. began an additional 123 quarters in 123 consecutive six minutes. He finished amid a downpour of rain.

JACK GOULDING has resumed the preparation of those desirous of excelling in pedestrian and other athletic feats, his first customer being Mr. Pinnock. Others wishing his services will find him at the grounds of the N. Y. A. C., Mott Haven.

MISS VON HILLERN walked in Cincinnati, O., last week. The task was to cover 100 miles in 24 hours, which she is said to have accomplished March 20, with seven minutes and forty-two seconds to spare.

W. BARNETT is said to have competed, on March 5, at the Wellington street Walking track and Baths, Leeds, Eng., a quarter of a mile, every day, for 1,200 miles in 5½ hours, finishing with 8m. 56s. to spare.

W. HOWES, W. Lewis, Harry Thrasher, A. Hancock, O. Hancock and H. Richardson (America) are among the entries for the fifty-mile walk to take place in London, April 13.

J. PINKNEY attempted to give H. Hiscott eight yards in 200, for £10, at London, Eng., March 4, but was easily beaten in 23¾ seconds.

JOHN ENNIS on March 25, at 3.30 P. M., was to commence the feat of walking 400 miles in 128 hours at the Rink, Buffalo, N. Y.

W. OXNOS walked six miles and a half with all his clothes on in 57 minutes near Bellevue, Eng., March 4.

WILLIAM HOWES, says a cable dispatch of March 25, has challenged O'Leary to walk for the belt and £300 a side.

GEORGE LIVINGSTONE and John Pyne are matched to run 150yds. for $100, at Clifton Park April 13.

CRICKET.

THE AUSTRALIAN TWELVE.

Last Fall there was a great deal of talk in cricketing circles in California about the advent of the Australian twelve in San Francisco early this Spring, and then on their way to England via the United States. Among other things named in connection with the visit was the improving of the Recreation Ball-ground, one of the finest cricket fields for the proposed grand match, Australia vs. All-California. From a letter sent by Mr. Conway, the manager of the Australian eleven, to Mr. Hoffman of the Germantown Cricket Club of Philadelphia, dated Melbourne, Dec 31, 1877, it appears that the Australian team do not contemplate visiting America until their return to Australia next Fall. Mr. Conway writes to know whether he can arrange for a series of matches in the States, beginning not earlier than Sept. 15, 1878, as the team has matches in England from May 10 to Sept. 2. There is hardly a doubt that the Philadelphia and New York clubs would be glad of the opportunity to play the Australians. Whether our metropolitan clubs—the St. George, Staten Island and Manhattan—could raise an eleven competent to cope with the visitors is a question; but they certainly can do it in Philadelphia, and that, too, with a strictly American team. The Philadelphians have been busy with getting an eleven in training for the Fall events at once. You cannot begin too early, and it would be far more creditable to play eleven versus eleven than eleven against twenty-two.

THE STATEN ISLAND CLUB.—The Staten Island Cricket Club is coming out strong for 1878. Last year it declared its independence of the mother club—old St. George—and it now talks fight to the old Dragon-slayer in a style which will make the mixture fly at Hoboken this coming season. What with new grounds, new members, new players, and, lastly, a new professional, the Island Club is likely to make things warm for the St. George crowd. The club has released Billy Brewster from his engagement, and they want a live professional from England, some man who has a record and a name among the elevens of the old country. Until engaged, Billy will umpire in match games and play with the Manhattans. Great improvements have been made in the Staten Island field, but it will take a season's work to get the turf in really good condition.

THE MANHATTAN CLUB.—Charley Hunt of the Prospect Park parade ground had the cricket field bordered with flags on Saturday last, he anticipating that the cricketers would have been as enterprising in taking advantage of the fine weather as the baseball players were; but they were not, and Charley had his trouble for nothing. The new Match Committee of the club—Messrs. Hooper, Jenkins and Evans—are live men, and we hope to see them pushing the club into the field as early as the ground and weather will admit of play. They should also go in for playing more second-class matches than the club has hitherto done.

BILLIARDS.

THE INDIANA STATE TOURNAMENT.
Byers the Three-ball Champion.

This affair was inaugurated at Washington Hall, Indianapolis, on March 18, by an exhibition game between Parker A. Byers of Lafayette and Jacob Schaefer, long a resident of the West, but recently a sojourner in Boston. Schaefer, whose best run was 114, and average a fraction over 12, won by a score of 400 to 259. Then came the first game of the tournament proper. The number of points was 300, and the contestants were Randolph Heiser of Kokomo and Harry Bussey of Indianapolis. Heiser won by 152, his average being 10.5-7. The largest runs were 92 by the winner, and 50 by the loser.

The second game of the tournament, played on the afternoon of the second day, was between Jacob H. Garratt and George Morris, the former of whom was in the olden time the four-ball champion of Indiana. George Morris is an old-time safety-player, and consequently the average was very light, his own being but 2.12-19, while that of Garratt, who won by 100, was only 3.18-19. The winner's best run was 33; the loser's, 18. Averaging 4.7-17, Charles F. Carney then beat Albert Hawkins by 95, the latter's average being 3.1-84, and his best run 19, which was also the size of Carney's. At night Parker A. Byers beat Garratt by 300 to 236—averages, 8.9-17 and 6.11-17; best runs, 57 by the loser and 23 by the winner; and Heiser captured Morris by 300 to 68—averages, 11.5-13 and 2.8-13; best runs, 69 and 9.

Hawkins and Bussey opened play on the third day, the latter, whose average and best run were 3.11-19 and 20, winning by 194. Hawkins averaged 3.2-17, and his best run was 18. Then Garratt beat Carney by 300 to 200, the averages being 5.5-14 and 3.3-14, and the best runs 56 for winner, 24 for loser. At night Carney scored but 90 to 300 by Byers, whose average was 12, and best run 66. Carney's best was 25, and his average 3.6-7. The day's play was finished by Heiser and Hawkins, the latter scoring 294, averaging 6.18-31, and showing 57 for his best run, Heiser's being 30, and his average 9.21-31.

In the afternoon of the fourth day Garratt beat Hawkins by 300 to 276, the winning average being 6.19-21, and the whose majority was 221 and average 29.11-17, also beat Hawkins. At night Heiser made a run of 110 and averaged 15, beating Carney by 300 to 77; and Byers, with a run of 97 and an average of 14.2-7, beat Bussey by 189. The latter's play disappointed his friends.

In the afternoon of the closing day, March 22, Bussey made partial amends for his short comings of the prior night by putting in the largest run of the tourney (116) and the biggest average (30). The final game of the tournament proper is thus described by *The Indianapolis Journal* of March 23:

"The hall was filled to overflowing by an enthusiastic crowd to witness the game between Byers and Heiser, which manifested its approval by shouts of applause whenever won the first shot, and chose the white ball, but failed to count. Byers also failed, and for the first six innings both players seemed to be too nervous to play. Byers was the first to get a start, and made a run of 19 in the eighth inning, followed by runs of equal number for several innings, giving him a lead, which he maintained until the middle of the game, when Heiser scored a run of 48, giving him the lead by a few points. Byers made three runs of 31, 33 and 40 in the twenty-eighth, twenty-ninth and thirtieth innings, which virtually won the game, as Heiser failed to come near him after that. He (Heiser) seemed to be very much rattled at times, although he made some fine and missed several extremely easy ones. The game was finished in the fortieth inning by Byers scoring a run of 26 points. The crowd cheered and applauded vociferously, and nearly everyone crowded forward to shake hand of Indiana's champion. To-night there will be a game between Heiser and Byers for $100 a side, 600 points up, three-ball, French carom. Jerry Bussey and Hawkins will be referees, and the game will be played at an early date."

ST. LOUIS TOURNAMENT.

On March 21 St. Louis, a city whose enterprise has of late years rendered it famous in sporting circles, inaugurated a billiard tournament in which its putative amateur player W. McCreery participated, along with such undoubted professionals as Jacob Schaefer, Cyrille Dion and George F. Slosson, added to Thomas J. Gallagher, who also claims to be an amateur. Slosson, Schaefer and Dion play even up and give McCreery 20 per cent., while Slosson and Schaefer are required to give 10 per cent. to Gallagher, of fifteen glass balls each, March 20. He broke 14, H. O. Studley being second with 13, and A. Keating third, with 12.

WITHDRAWS.—The challenge issued last week not having been accepted by Ira Paine, Capt. Boggardus on March 23 took down the six hundred dollars posted therewith.

THE POLICE ATHLETIC CLUB DISBANDED.

On Friday morning, March 22, the disgraceful spectacle of two members of the municipal police force garbed and engaged in a street brawl was presented in front of Egyptian Hall, in this city. The members alluded to were Detectives William Muldoon and Thos. F. Adams, and the result of the encounter was the severe bruising of the former's forehead and body with a club in the hands of his smaller opponent. Both were members of the Gymnasium Committee of the Police Athletic Club (whose rooms were located in the building in front of which the fracas occurred), and have for some time been on unfriendly terms. The immediate cause of the fight was the alleged circulation by Muldoon of scandalous reports regarding the wife of Prof. Miller, the Graeco-Roman wrestler and instructor of the club. Adams repeated to Miller statements alleged to have been made by Muldoon, which exasperated the professor, who, accompanied by Adams, at once proceeded to the gymnasium in search of the offender. On entering the office door, when Miller asked him what he meant by circulating such reports, whereupon, as Miller alleges, Muldoon ordered Officer Silas Rogers, who was standing close by, to arrest the professor. Whether the latter was actually engaged in the scrimmage that followed does not appear clear—he says he did not give or receive a blow, while Muldoon charges that he commenced the fight by striking him; certain it is, however, that Adams, who had previously gone into the saloon under the hall, became involved in a personal encounter, resulting as above stated. Each of the participants tells a different story, of course, charging his opponent with being the aggressor, and seeking to remove all blame from his own shoulders. The newspaper publication of the reportorial interviews held with those concerned in the affair opened the eyes of the public to the past disreputable doings of at least two of them, and ventilated the internal dissensions which have kept the club in very hot water ever since the athletic meeting held at Gilmore's Garden in January last.

At a meeting of the board of officers held that evening Detectives Adams and Muldoon and Lieutenant Leary, constituting the gymnasium committee, were suspended, and Prof. Miller was dismissed. Leary was not present at the encounter, but was probably included in the suspension because he sympathized with both the hall and Adams, the subject of the alleged financial shortcomings of the club officials. On the following day the Police Commissioners held a meeting, at which the following was adopted (dissolving the connection between the department and the Police Athletic Club after March 31.

THE HARVARD ATHLETES.

The second Spring exhibition by the Harvard Athletic Association was given at the gymnasium at Cambridge, Mass., on the afternoon of March 16. The hall was overcrowded, and much difficulty was experienced in the proceedings. The opening exercise introduced F. B. Keene, '79, and R. W. Ellis, '79, in the horizontal bar competition, the first named being awarded the prize. The light-weight boxers then made their appearance, the first couple being H. G. Otis, '78, and F. W. Sharon, '80, the latter proving the better man. The second pair were C. A. Dummer Jr., '78, and C. F. Read, '79, the former the taller man, the latter being his man in the second and third rounds. The final bout for the prize, between Sharon and Fessenden, was fixed to take place at the third of the series of exhibitions, a week later; Club-swinging was then in order, the contestants being Stewart Shillito and H. T. Hoe. The former was the more graceful swinger, but the more numerous and very difficult evolutions shown by Howe secured the last-named the trophy. The prize for vaulting with both hands was taken by J. A. Tyng, L. S., '79, and H. T. Hoe, '79. W. Thayer, '78, and F. B. Keene, '79, failing by one inch. The deciding encounter of the light-weight wrestling contest, Graeco-Roman, was between W. A. Read, '80, and A. T. Rogers, '78, who then called for; but a decision was not reached, five exciting bouts being had, Gaston obtaining a fall in the first, and the others ending in draws. It was concluded to declare the contest a meeting until the subsequent entertainment. Tugs-of-war followed, with this result: *First*—Class of '79: Jacobs, Smith, Schwartz, Brigham and Deane, '80, Bacon, Hooper, Simmons, Welling and Stow, 2. *Second*—Class of '78: Bancroft, Warden, Yates, Littaner and Brown, 1; Class of '81: W. A. Howe, Cruger, Dix, Rowan and Ames, 0. The conditions were that best two in three pulls, and 79 won two pulls in succession over 80, while the Seniors (78) took the first bout with the Freshmen (81), but were beaten in the two following, after very exciting struggles. The deciding pull was deferred until the third exhibition day. Judges—Messrs. Smith (73), Cunningham (74), Danforth (77), Latham (77), and the officers of the Association.

THE SCOTTISH-AMERICAN A. C. gave an entertainment at Lyric Hall, this city, March 23. The gathering of athletes was quite large, and the sport fairly good, consisting of sparring bouts between Prof. McClelland and Jimmy Harris, Ed. McGlinchey and Steve Blundell, Max E. More and Andrew Thomson, Prof. Miller and Policeman Britton, Graeco-Roman wrestling by L. A. Berte and Hefwig, dumb-bell lifting by G. D. Parmly, and club-swinging by Prof. Kimball and son.

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AQUATIC.

THE COLUMBIA COLLEGE CREW, who for some time past have been preparing for their contemplated trip to Europe, have disbanded, consequent, as is alleged, upon differences between Capt. Goodwin and the other members of the crew. R. R. Colgate gave notice of his retirement, and his example was emulated by Boyd and Sage, their places have been filled by Eldredge (bow), Edson and Ridabock, all of whom have had experience in former races. Nobody, however, pretends that the crew, as now constituted, is or can be made as strong as the old four—at least, not this season—and there are doubts about the European trip being taken.

THE OXFORD-CAMBRIDGE RACE is to take place on the 6th inst. The crews as constituted March 11 were:
Oxford—W. A. Ellison (bow), 155lb.; D. J. Cowles, 163½; J. B. Southwell, 175½; W. H. Grenfell, 179½; H. Pelham, 185; F. C. Burgess, 188; T. C. Edwardes-Moss, 176; H. P. Sargott (stroke), 175½; F. M. Beaumont (cox.), 104. *Cambridge*—A. Watson-Taylor (bow), 161lb.; C. T. Holmes, 164; T. W. Barker, 177; C. Gwiden, 195; C. Nettleford, 175; E. Hockin, 193; L. G. Pike, 177; E. H. Prest (stroke), 169; G. L. Davis (cox.), 105.

THE STEAMER DENMARK, which arrived from London, Eng., March 22, lost her rudder in a gale 12th. A drag kept her on her course for a few days, but Capt. Robt. Williams, finding that it would not work without ample sea room, ingeniously improvised a steering apparatus out of spars, and a couple of iron gates backed with wood, and the vessel was brought to this port without further mishap.

THE YALE UNIVERSITY BOAT CLUB, at a meeting held March 25, decided not to send a four-oared crew to the Watkins Association regatta at Seneca Lake, N. Y. Julian Kennedy, who graduated in 1876, and has not since been connected with Yale will go there as the representative of the university, the expenses to be defrayed by private subscription.

CHALLENGE TO WRESTLERS.—The attention of Charles Murphy and other square-hold wrestlers is called to the subjoined challenge, on account of which we hold fifty dollars:

NEW YORK, March 23, 1878.

EDITOR CLIPPER—*Dear Sir*: I hereby challenge Chas. Murphy, Matt Grace or L. Cole to wrestle, collar-and-elbow, best two in three falls, for the championship of New York State and $100 to $250 a side, Murphy preferred. Ed. James' rules to govern the same. A forfeit of $50 is now placed in your hands. This challenge to remain open two weeks. CHAS. CONNER, 406 Greenwich street.

SLOTE, WOODMAN & Co. of this city have recently issued a neat little volume containing a number of Mark Twain's latest sketches, including "Punch, Brothers, Punch!" Some of these walls have already appeared in the magazines and newspapers, and their collection in this more durable form will be welcomed by Mr. Clemens' numerous admirers. Whatever Mark Twain's failings may be, the fact remains that he enjoys a wider popularity than any other American humorist now living. From which it is safe to predict that this little book will find a ready sale.

A COCKING MAIN, New York vs. Williamsburg, came off at Long Island, March 16, conditions: $20 a battle, and $30 the odd. Eleven battles were fought, New York winning by a score of six to five, the last fight occupying forty-five minutes.

THE TURF.

RACING AMD TROTTING NOTES.

R. Steel of Cedar Park Stud Farm, near Philadelphia, comes to the front again which bears the appropriate name of "The Queen's Daughter," for she is by the imported thoroughbred Leamington out of the old "Queen of the Turf" Flora Temple. She is now seventeen years old. Mr. James A. Grinstead's fine three-year-old filly Mischief, by Gilroy, dam Mishap, was killed on his breeding farm, near Lexington, Ky., recently. Another Trotting Park Association has been arranged, and the following dates fixed—at Adrian commences June 11; Grand Rapids, June 18; Jackson, June 25; and Detroit, July 2. Adrian gives $4,000; Grand Rapids, $7,000; Jackson and Detroit, $8,000 each. Each meeting will last four days.

Hopes are now entertained that Smuggler will be able to trot this season, after all. He still remains in Kokomo. A trotting association of the driving parks in the maritime provinces of the Dominion has been formed, and the rules and regulations are the same as the National Association adopted, with some slight variations. The officers chosen are David McClellan, St. John, N. B., president; J. R. Laing, Amherst, vice-president; and George A. Baker, St. John, secretary. In consequence of the abolition of podselling in Massachusetts, no one can be found to lease Mystic Park, Boston, and after April 1 it will fall into the owner's hands. Gov. Abe Buford has introduced a bill into the Kentucky Legislature providing for a stock commission to examine and license thoroughbred stallions for stud purposes, so as to secure the highest class of horses for breeding purposes.....The stakes to be run for at the Pittsburg Race Meeting have filled remarkably well, the Rush House and the St. Charles Hotel Stakes, both for three-year-olds, having each twelve entries; the sweepstakes for all ages, eleven; the Stromp Stakes, for two-year-olds, nine; and the Pittsburg Cup, twenty.....The Maryland Jockey Club gives $10,350 this year, and added money to stakes at their forthcoming Spring meeting in May. There are eighteen races on the programme.....The two rival Agricultural Associations in Minnesota are at war, owing to a collision of dates for their respective fairs, to be held at St. Paul and Minneapolis in the first week of September next. The fair grounds are only six miles apart, but the rivalry is intense.....All are only six miles apart, but the rivalry is intense.....All Heart, the English-bred racehorse recently purchased of the Earl of Roseberry, for $2,500, by Charles Reed of this city, arrived here per the steamer Spain on March 20, in charge of Pat Mealey, who will be the stable rider. All Heart is a chestnut, with a blaze-face and near hind leg white, and stands a little over sixteen hands. He is intended for the stud, but will first be tried as a racehorse. Mealey from City Jockey Club of Pittsburg has secured the Friendship Park for the Summer running meeting in June. There are four days' racing, comprising two, three, and all-aged stakes, which closed on the 15th inst.

CINCINNATI VS. ST. LOUIS.—The dates for the Spring race meetings at Cincinnati and St. Louis clash with each other, and a warm correspondence has ensued between the respective jockey clubs is being carried on in relation to the matter. It appears that the Cincinnati association had not given any public notice that their Spring meeting would follow immediately after that at Louisville, and that date was also claimed by St. Louis, who fixed and announced their meeting accordingly. Cincinnati now claims that it was widely known that their meeting would immediately succeed Louisville, and that St. Louis could have easily ascertained that fact. The Queen City Jockey Club therefore calls upon the St. Louis Club to change its date, but this the latter positively declines to do, and will hold its meeting at the time announced.

DATES OF RACE MEETINGS.—Mobile, Ala., on April 11 to 13; New Orleans, April 20 to 25; Nashville, Tenn., April 30 to May 4; Lexington, Ky., May 11 to 17; Baltimore, Md., May 21 to 24; Louisville, Ky., May 21 to 27; Cincinnati, May 31 to June 5; St. Louis, Mo., June 4 to 8; Columbus, O., June 12 to 15; Pittsburg, Pa., June 19 to 22.

A RECORD BROKEN.—A dispatch from San Francisco, Cal., informs us that the ten-mile trotting match between Controller and John Stewart, at the District course, March 23, was won by the former in 27min. 30sec., which is the best time on record. The stakes were $1,000 a side.

PROTINK.—This fine daughter of Blackwood, who made a record of 2:24 last season, has been sold to John Kayley of Cincinnati for $4,000. She will be trotted the coming season.

CRICKET.

THE AUSTRALIAN TWELVE.

Last Fall there was a great deal of talk in cricketing circles in California about the advent of the Australian twelve in San Francisco early this Spring, and then on their way to England via the United States. Among other things named in connection with the visit was the improving of the Recreation Ball-ground, one of the finest cricket fields for the proposed grand match, Australia vs. All-California. From a letter sent by Mr. Conway, the manager of the Australian eleven, to Mr. Hoffman of the Germantown Cricket Club of Philadelphia, dated Melbourne, Dec 31, 1877, it appears that the Australian team do not contemplate visiting America until their return to Australia next Fall. Mr. Conway writes to know whether he can arrange for a series of matches in the States, beginning not earlier than Sept. 15, 1878, as the team has matches in England from May 10 to Sept. 2. There is hardly a doubt that the Philadelphia and New York clubs would be glad of the opportunity to play the Australians. Whether our metropolitan clubs—the St. George, Staten Island and Manhattan—could raise an eleven competent to cope with the visitors is a question; but they certainly can do it in Philadelphia, and that, too, with a strictly American team. The Philadelphians have been busy with getting an eleven in training for the Fall events at once. You cannot begin too early, and it would be far more creditable to play eleven versus eleven than eleven against twenty-two.

THE STATEN ISLAND CLUB.—The Staten Island Cricket Club is coming out strong for 1878. Last year it declared its independence of the mother club—old St. George—and it now talks fight to the old Dragon-slayer in a style which will make the mixture fly at Hoboken this coming season. What with new grounds, new members, new players, and, lastly, a new professional, the Island Club is likely to make things warm for the St. George crowd. The club has released Billy Brewster from his engagement, and they want a live professional from England, some man who has a record and a name among the elevens of the old country. Until engaged, Billy will umpire in match games and play with the Manhattans. Great improvements have been made in the Staten Island field, but it will take a season's work to get the turf in really good condition.

THE MANHATTAN CLUB.—Charley Hunt of the Prospect Park parade ground had the cricket field bordered with flags on Saturday last, he anticipating that the cricketers would have been as enterprising in taking advantage of the fine weather as the baseball players were; but they were not, and Charley had his trouble for nothing. The new Match Committee of the club—Messrs. Hooper, Jenkins and Evans—are live men, and we hope to see them pushing the club into the field as early as the ground and weather will admit of play. They should also go in for playing more second-class matches than the club has hitherto done.

THE TRIGGER.

JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS GUN CLUB.—The new grounds of this club at Marion, N. J., were opened on Tuesday, March 19, when glass-ball shooting was indulged in by members and others. The first event was a sweepstakes shoot, $2 entry, five balls, which was won by Eugene Bogardus (12 yards rise), beating three others. The next was also a sweep, upon same conditions, with fifteen entries. W. Sheppard, Eugene Bogardus and M. Buttles broke all their balls and divided first money, $15; F. M. Thompson and Dr. Burdett each smashed four and divided second money, $10; and G. Hurlbut took third money, $5. Next was a match between young Bogardus and Henry Langstaff (each about thirteen years of age), twenty-five balls apiece, 10 yards rise, both using the same gun, a 20-gauge. They tied on 20, and Langstaff declined to shoot off. This was followed by a sweep of $56, ten balls each, 18yds. rise, twenty-three entries. J. H. Hurlbut won first money, $28, by breaking nine balls. Wm. Hughes and E. Madison breaking eight each and diving second money, $18, and the third prize, $10, was divided by J. S. Dustin and A. Heritage, who broke seven apiece. Captain Bogardus then essayed the feat of breaking 300 balls within twenty-one minutes. Two traps were used and three guns of the following weight and calibre: No. 10 gauge, 10lb.; No. 12 gauge, 7½ lb.; and No. 20, 5¾lb. The Captain smashed 301 balls in 20m. 31½s., missing only thirteen in the 314 shot at.

BOGARDUS FAILS.—Capt. Bogardus attempted to kill 85 pigeons out of fifty pairs at Brooklyn Driving Park, Long Island, March 22. The feat is an exceedingly difficult one, and few expected that the Captain would succeed; nor did he, but, though failing, he exhibited remarkable skill, over ninety birds being hit, of which number sixty-three fell dead within bounds, while six of the thirty-seven scored as missed dropped dead beyond the limit. The birds were young and strong, and even when hard-hit carried the shot a long distance, while there was little wind, rendering it a difficult matter, by reason of the smoke, to draw a bead upon the second bird while it was within effective killing distance. Few were hit with the first barrel, Bogardus using both barrels in the meeting until the subsequent entertainment. Tugs-of-war followed, with this result: *First*—Class of '79: Jacobs, Smith, Schwartz, Brigham and Deane, '80, Bacon, Hooper, Simmons, Welling and Stow, 2. *Second*—Class of '78: Bancroft, Warden, Yates, Littaner and Brown, 1; Class of '81: W. A. Howe, Cruger, Dix, Rowan and Ames, 0. The conditions were that best two in three pulls, and 79 won two pulls in succession over 80, while the Seniors (78) took the first bout with the Freshmen (81), but were beaten in the two following, after very exciting struggles. The deciding pull was deferred until the third exhibition day. Judges—Messrs. Smith (73), Cunningham (74), Danforth (77), Latham (77

A LESSON FOR LADIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWARD E. KIDDER.

She had beauty, and of cash plenty, too;
He was young and full of "dash"—twenty-two.
'Twas her fortune he would wed—this to you—
For he hadn't got a "red," not a "sou!"

When she stood, so young and fair, by his side,
He admired her golden hair (it was dyed),
Said he was a Russian peer but he lied),
And was searching far and near for a bride!

So they wedded in the Fall—grand affair—
Friends and relatives and all, they were there;
He appeared so highly bred, such an air,
That the visitors all said: "What a pair!"

He received that very night from "Papa"
Orders to come on and fight for the Czar;
"Oh, to happiness," he sighed, "what a bar!"
"Stay with me," his loved one cried, "where you are."

"Why should war from charms like these me entice?
I can gain," said he, "release for a price—
Twenty thousand cash instead would suffice!"
"Pay it, love, and stay," she said—"oh! how nice!"

"My remittances," he groaned, "haven't come,
Though I've generally owned twice that sum."
"I will loan it, so your grief overcome."
He replied with great relief: "This *is* rum!

"For an hour or two, my own love, 'ta, ta!
I will telegraph your loan to the Czar.
Wait for my return, my pet, with your ma."
And, alas, they're waiting yet—yes, they are!

THE LIVING MYSTERY;

OR,

THE OLD HOUSE AT GRASSMERE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FATE," "CHRISTMAS BEFORE AND BEHIND THE CURTAIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XL—CONTINUED.

Meanwhile the horseman rode swiftly on, and, gaining the thick pine forest, dismounted from his horse and entered it. As he did so a panther sprang past him—the dog with a growl darting after it. The huntsman's eyes lit up, and he raised his rifle. A sharp clang, a fierce yell, and the panther dropped. The hunter reloaded, calmly beat his way through the undergrowth, and knelt down beside the dead body, over which the dog was standing growling.

"A fine fur," he muttered. "Twill serve to pay for another supper when food runs short."

With a sigh he took out his long bowie and commenced skinning it, occasionally pausing in his task to listen to the howl of the wolves and the whiz of the bats. When the skin was separated from the body he flung it across the horse's back, wiped the bowie-knife upon the high, thick grass, and once more went on his way, the horse and dog following in his footsteps. After half an hour's wandering round the thin part of the forest, the solitary huntsman emerged at the foot of a low range of hills. A stream lay in his path. Calling the dog to his side and removing the saddle and skin from the horse, he swung them across his arm, and, pushing aside a bush that hid the mouth of a cave, entered, and threw down the saddle and the skin upon the floor, which was partly covered with dry grass and undergrowth. Raking this together into a corner, the huntsman threw himself down at full length and closed his eyes. But though he had ridden far and fast, undergone enough hardship since he had last lain full length, to weary an ordinary man to death, sleep would not visit him, and with a weary sigh he rose and wandered into the open air. There, standing with his grand, sorrow-marked face towards the fast-falling stars, his thoughts found words, and unconsciously he murmured:

"Nearly two years! Who would have believed it so difficult to forget? It seems a lifetime since that short dream mocked me into a false happiness. Happy!—ah, was ever man happier? It was heaven on earth! Now," and he groaned as he looked round at the dark forest, the heavy mountains, and the dreary stillness broken only by the hard breathing of his dog and the slight movement of his horse's hoofs among the grass—"now it is life and torture! O Heaven, that I might die! Thou knowest how I have sought death in a thousand shapes, a thousand forms; thou knowest that I held my hand when I might have taken the life my mother cursed me with, but yet thy mercy would not end by death's own hand the glad release from this never-ending agony, this never-dying memory of the past! Where is she now, I wonder? Is she dead? If so, perhaps from one of those stars she looks down and weeps for me. For surely her pitying heart cannot be glad if her gentle eyes can see me here alone, praying for death, that I may be near her or find forgetfulness. O Maud, Maud! if thou livest, I pray Heaven to send thee happiness—I, who never prayed for myself, pray for thee—pray for thee!" and, dropping his head upon his heaving bosom, his closed lips muttering some indistinct words, he walked slowly back to the cave, and, throwing himself upon the bed of fern and grass, once more sought sleep.

This time it came to him, and gradually the lines upon his face softened, his mouth quivered, and he fell into a deep slumber. Presently, however, he tossed from side to side, and his lips moved rapidly, and suddenly with a groan he sprang to his feet, and with startling eyes and white face cried, while he parted the tangled hair from his forehead:

"She called me! My Maud! I come!—I come!—I come!"

Still calling upon her name, with trembling fingers he saddled the horse, sprang upon its back and darted across the plain as if the prairie behind him were on fire, and the flames already singeing his horse's hoofs.

CHAPTER XLI.

Nay, Death shall wait beside the door,
Nor stay, although he lists her so'er.—MARLOWE.
And they lived happy ever afterwards.
OLD FAIRY TALES.

The rays of the setting sun stole through the lace curtains of the sick-room and fell across the bed and upon the group around. Seated at the head, looking more beautiful than ever, though sad and sorrowful, was Lady Carlotta Chudleigh, her arm sustaining the pillow upon which rested the lily-like face of Maud. On the other side of the bed stood Sir Fielding, his eyes moist, his lips quivering. The sad years that have passed over his head since we saw him last have weighed down his shoulders and turned his gray hair to a perfect white. By him stands Chudleigh and Lady Mildred, both with wet eyes and sorrowful faces. At a small table leans the physician, pouring out a glass of medicine. Every minute or so he looks towards the bed and then at his watch. No one moves, and for sometime no one speaks. Then Sir Fielding walked noiselessly round the bed and whispered tremulously to the physician. The doctor shook his head.

"I cannot tell whether she is better or worse," he replied in a low voice. "She may lie like this for days without a change. When it comes, Sir Fielding, it will be the crisis—the turning-point one way or the other."

"She is so weak," moaned the sorrowing father, while the tears coursed down his cheek.

The doctor shook his head regretfully.

"She is, she is," he said. "Who could be otherwise with so long and wasting an illness?"

Sir Fielding walked back, and the physician stole to the bedside, and bent over the lovely face that might be any angel's before the sun quite set, and watched the lips closely.

"She has not spoken—the lips have not moved?" he asked of Carlotta anxiously.

She shook her head sadly, and whispered back:

"No; she has not spoken since the night, a month ago, when she called for him."

* * * * * * *

The same sun that smiled upon poor Maud's wasted face lit up the road from London, and fell in a bright, glorious stream of crimson upon a horseman, who, with the perspiration pouring from his face, urged his steed with lash and spur almost to racing pace. At the foot of a hill leading to the next town of Warrington he slackened pace—of a necessity—and, lifting his soft, wide-brimmed hat from his brow, muttered:

"Nightfall before I can reach it. What in Heaven's name possesses me? Am I mad? The people look at me as if they thought me so! What am I tearing like a demon along the road—what —— Ah, 'tis useless. How can I argue with the intense longing, the maddening desire, to reach the place? Since the night I heard her call, the longing has consumed my soul like fire. If she be dead —— Away with the thought! or I shall be mad indeed."

Having reached the summit of the hill, he once more urged the horse at its full speed. The tired, jaded steed commenced to breathe painfully and falter at the bit, and, groaning aloud, its rider, at last obliged to acknowledge to himself that the animal could go no farther, pulled up at the lighted window of a little cottage and dismounted. While he stopped for one moment, deciding what course to pursue, the cottage door opened, and a man walked hurriedly out, saying:

"Ah, doctor, you be come at last; only just in time—only just in time."

The horseman turned, and the man, seeing his mistake, touched his forehead, and, staring at the foaming steed, said:

"Beg pardon, your honor, but I thought it were the doctor. We have sent for him and the parson, for a body as is likely not to need ayther on 'em, if so be as they don't come quick."

"Dying?" said the horseman, with a hesitating look that gave place to a groan as his conscience reminded him of his duty.

"Aye, nigh dead, sir. I'm thinking that he's only kept up through having made his mind up not to die till the parson comes. He seems a good bit oneasy—somethin' on his mind loike, and do keep moanin' and squeemin' loike, that I do wish the parison 'ud come."

The horseman's head sank upon his breast, then he looked at the horse and up the road wistfully, and with an impatient sigh said:

"I am a clergyman, my man. I will see the dying man if you wish."

"Thank 'ee, sir," said the man, evidently not expecting a clergyman in such mud-bespattered gaiters. "P'raps you'll walk this way, sur?"

The traveler tied the bridle of the horse against the wooden fence, and followed the man into the cottage. For some few moments the dim light did not reveal the low bed and the dying man stretched upon it, and when the traveler saw them he removed his hat and walked towards its head. A woman in the room at that moment stepped before the candle, and so thoroughly obscured the man's face. When he heard the approaching footsteps the dying man raised himself on his elbow and gasped:

"Are you the—priest?"

The traveler started slightly at the voice.

"I am a clergyman," he said gravely.

"Ah," said the dying man. "Not a priest. What is the difference? What—matters it? Come closer. Soh! I—I am dying; going fast. Fever—fever, starvation, and—are you listening?—remorse! Remorse! 'Tis that's killing me before my time. Remorse!" and, repeating the word again with an accent of agony, he fell back upon the bed.

The traveler stooped over him and tried to see his face—his own had grown strangely moved—but the light was still hidden. Presently, while the man still lay recovering his strength to speak, and the traveler stood watching, the door opened and two persons entered—the clergyman and the doctor. The owner of the cottage hastily explained the state of affairs, and, bowing courteously to the motionless figure at the head of the bed, they approached. The doctor, bending down, took the dying man's hand, but at his touch he raised himself again, and, slowly shaking his head, gasped:

"Too late, too late! I—I—want the priest; the priest!"

At this the traveler drew back, and the priest, who had just entered, took his place.

"Father!" gasped the dying man, clutching at his hand.

"My son," replied the priest.

"I am dying—dying fast. Holy Mary, spare me until I have confessed. Father, listen—no, no, let them stay. I want them to hear. I want —— Listen! My name is Lorenzo Spazzola. Ah! who is that?" he gasped, as the traveler suddenly started, uttered a low cry, and bent forward for a moment.

"Nothing, my son; proceed," replied the priest, who had not noticed the cry at the announcement.

"I—I am Lorenzo Spazzola, an Italian ——"

Here he breathed hard, and, looking at the doctor, signed for him to write.

The doctor took out his note-book and wrote down the statement word for word as it issued from the panting lips.

"I wish to confess, before I die, my sins, especially two great sins. I—Holy Mother! Father, I shall die before—before I —— Write, write. I am the husband of Felise Faustine, who died—was murdered—two years ago in the Black Pool at Grassmere! Write! write! Quick! Hold me up. I—we plotted to marry her to a rich young Englishman. She was a fiend, a beautiful fiend, fond of drink, faithless. I was tired of her! He a mere infant at Venice. She lived as his wife, and, maddened by her bad conduct, he fled from her. I planned this. I followed him to England—followed and tracked him. I forged her certificate of death, took it to his house one stormy night. I—Holy Mother, give me breath, spare me—these—few moments. Felise, the woman, my wife, traced me here. She wanted to frighten the money from the Englishman, who believed himself to be her husband. She had heard he was to be married, and gave me the slip; came, tramped down to Grassmere, went up in the storm to the great house on the hill, saw him, got—him—to walk into the forest with her. I followed, and watched, watched them together in the soaking rain; saw him give her money, waited till he had gone"—here the man's voice grew excited and harsh—"tracked her footsteps, and"—rising in the bed with uplifted arm—"ran my stiletto through her bosom!"

The priest started, the doctor turned pale, but the figure at the head of the bed stood like stone, immovable, motionless. The dying man with another effort raised himself, and, fixing his fast-glazing eyes upon the priest, continued, more faintly and with greater difficulty:

"I emptied her pocket of the gold, and—and dragged her body to the pool, then tramped back to London and hid. I knew I was safe," he went on, a cunning leer distorting his livid face. "I knew that they would fix the little business on him, and—ah! ah! they, did, the idiots. He could not commit murder—though he fired on me once. They offered a reward for his apprehension; he had fled the night of the murder, thinking the woman was his rightful sposa, but they could not take him—no, no. Lucien is too fleet, too swift, to be tracked by such slow dogs! Father, that is all. You have written all, doctor. Give me the paper—hold my hand. I—I will s-sign it."

The two men, pale and petrified with horror, knelt down. One held the book, while the other supported the thin, wasted, blood-stained hand. The murderer slowly penned his name, "Lorenzo Spazzola," and at the last letter sank back on the bed, struggling for the last gasp. The priest hastily wrote his name as witness, and the doctor his, then looked up and said:

"Is there any other witness?"

The traveler, as if awakening from a trance, stepped forward.

"One more," he said in hollow, broken tones. "May I ask your name, sir?" said the priest.

"Maurice Durant," replied the deep voice solemnly.

As its tones reached the dying man's ears he sprang up in bed, and with staring eyes pointed his lean, quivering finger at the dark, sombre form.

"That's him!" he shrieked in agony. "That's him—Lucien—Maurice—come at last. I knew he would. He has come to take me away!"

With a long, despairing wail the blood-stained soul of Lorenzo Spazzola fled from its miserable tenement.

"Maurice Durant!" cried the doctor, starting to his feet.

"Aye, Maurice Durant, sir," said the traveler sternly. "Take charge of that confession, sir, as you would your own soul, and follow me to the nearest magistrate, Sir Fielding Chichester," and, dashing out, he leaped upon the priest's horse, which happened to be nearest the door, and sped away.

The doctor, bewildered and half frightened out of his life, got upon the other and galloped after.

* * * * * * *

Maud's fair face still rested upon Carlotta's soft bosom, the loved ones still stood watching around the bed. The sun sank, the room grew dark, the shaded lamp was lit, and the doctor grew anxious.

"The crisis is coming," he said—"coming quickly. If—if ——"

"If what?" said Sir Fielding, almost mad with grief.

"If she calls for anyone, and he or she is not here or cannot be produced, I cannot answer for the consequences."

Sir Fielding groaned.

They thought that Heaven had taken her, but Carlotta still held her against her bosom, and suddenly the large eyes opened and the lips sent forth a low, wailing cry:

"Maurice! Maurice!"

Before it had died away the door opened noiselessly and a tall, mud-bespaured figure, with white face and flashing eyes, sprang toward the bed, thrust Carlotta away, and, clasping the lovely form to his breast, murmured, with a flood of tears, in a voice broken by sobs:

"Maud—my darling—I am here!"

She cried her eyes upon his face with a glad smile, and with an effort placed her white arms round his neck, and, leaving her face upon his breast, murmured:

"I knew Heaven would send you, Maurice—I knew Heaven would send you alive!"

* * * * * * *

"Live!" exclaimed the doctor, half an hour afterwards, as he grasped Sir Fielding's hand and wrung it nearly off in a vain attempt to keep the unprofessional tears back—"of course she will. There's no earthly reason why she shouldn't live to be as old as you or I."

* * * * * * *

We have a suspicion that all we say after this our readers will peruse somewhat impatiently. "When a man's tale is told," says an old proverb, "he should go and hang himself;" but we feel within our heart that, though very near our end, there is still a vestige of our task left unfinished, and novelists have their idea of duty as well as other men. Let us, then, in almost as few words as we have needed for our apology, assure our readers that the doctor's word proved true, and that Maud Durant, with her husband and a sweet-faced copy of herself, can be found at either the Rectory or the Hall all the year round.

The Retreat, too, the home of Chudleigh—not yet Baron, thank Heaven, Sir Fielding being as well and as hearty as ever, having changed little save in transferring his love for his books to his little golden-haired Maud, who calls him "grandpapa," and is happier sitting on his knee than anywhere else—the Retreat, I say, is a well-known place, and the Right Honorable Mr. Chichester—he is a great statesman now—and Lady Carlotta are as well beloved and very nearly as popular as the Durants. They have a bright-eyed girl and a Turk of a boy, who has already fallen in love with his cousin Maud, and generally addresses her as his little wife.

The former owners of the now vanished Folly have taken their wealth to a well-known watering-place, at which their two daughters, each "my lady" now, are the reigning queens.

Master Tom has married the barmaid at the "Ainsley Arms"—a showy girl, whose chief recommendation to him was her extreme weight and confidence, and he has managed to win a small handicap at a well-known race-meeting. Of course Mr. Gregson cut him off with a shilling wrapped up in an anathema, and his mother and sisters are not allowed to hold any communication with him. But he does not care a "pony" for that, he says, and declares he is happy in his own way.

And, after all, no one can be more than that in this world.

THE END.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Negro Minstrelsy---Sentimental Ballads---Comic Songs---Theatrical Jokes---Circus Reminiscences---Old Playbills---Banjo Eccentricities, Etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THE CIRCUS SEASON.

First Appearance of the Wonderful Niprico in his Daring Feats upon the Flying Steed.

At this, the season of the year when the circus blossoms, we take pleasure in presenting to the patrons of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES an exhibition which is at once timely and tremendous. [The latter word is used merely out of respect to the professional programme-writer. Strictly speaking, there is nothing tremendous in the performances to which we shall call attention; but custom has decreed that every show shall have something about it which is tremendous, and we accordingly ring in the adjective thus early so as not to forget it.] At an expense which it would not be wise to make public, we have secured the services of the great and only Niprico, who is, without question, the most daring and graceful equestrian the world has ever produced. He is a monkey, to be sure, but that does not detract from his merit. It rather tends to make him more attractive. The feats of this ape are simply appalling. He does some things which neither Robinson nor Fish nor Dockrill ever thought of doing. In spite of the rival performances up at Gilmore's Garden, we feel no hesitancy about trotting out Niprico. You see him, above, in the midst of his principal act, and you will be good enough to observe critically the beauties of this performance. He jumps high enough to clear the banners without having them lowered an inch. Moreover, he holds himself, while in the air, with remarkable grace, and he always alights on the horse's back with such accuracy as to make a tumble an impossibility. Niprico is not a tumbler, anyway—he is a rider. We would also call attention to the high-toned appearance of the ring-master, as well as of the gentlemen whose duty it is to hold the banners. No ordinary show displays such care in details of this kind. Our assistants always appear in white vests and swallow-tails—except, of course, Niprico, who wore his own tail—until some Darwinian theorist cut it off. The horse, too, is a model of beauty, and, no matter how close you may get to the ring, there is no danger of sawdust flying up and hitting you in the face. That is one of the many advantages of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES.

THE GREAT CARRYING ACT.

Here we have Niprico again in his wonderful carrying act. He is assisted this time by the promising and precocious young ape known as Baby Shorthair. It is announced upon the bills that the Baby is Niprico's son—but this is not true. Indeed, his father is not known, and it is a wise ape which knows its own parent. [We trust the meaning here will make itself ape-parent.] However, the ancestry of the young monkey is of no consequence so long as he is able to ride well. Much time has been devoted to his training, and he has made wonderful progress in his profession. Pretty soon Niprico will stand up on his horse, and while the latter dashes madly about the arena [he really canters at a very sleepy gait, but of course it would not do to say so] Nip will take Baby Shorthair, and, placing him upon his head [not Baby's head, you understand], he will hold him in that position while the horse continues his mad career [metaphor again], the band plays, and the spectators hold their breath in suspense. The only thing which this wonderful young monkey should be taught now is to shout "Hoop-la!" at the proper times. We think we shall get him down to this in time. And if we don't, we shall get a ventriloquist for a ringmaster!

"SWATE JUDY MAGEE."

TO MY FRIEND W. F. LAWLOR ("BARNEY THE GUIDE").

WORDS AND MUSIC BY JOSEPH G. WOOD ("DHEE GERMAN AMBASSADOR").

On the Winter-grane hills of Weehawken
There resides a most beautiful girrll—
I don't say it to hear meself talkin',
But she's set me brain all in a whirrl;
Her figure 'twould rival a vainyez',
And her face 'tis a picture to see;
The tone of her voice 'twould enchain yez—
She's a darlint, "Swate Judy Magee!"

Chorus.
O Judy! the darlint, the beauty,
She's plighted her troth unto me.
If she hadn't I'd thought it me jewty
To drown meself in the salt say!

Sure her father's as rich as a nabob,
And Miss Judy she dresses in stryle;
While she plays on her fortypianner
Bedad you can hear her a molle!
Oh, if I had the wealth of the Ingees
It would be a great pleasure to me
To adorn her wid "Koweenour" diamints—
Me darlin', "Swate Judy Magee!"

Chorus.—O Judy! the darlint, etc.

Last noight Miss Magee gave a pearty,
The neighbors came in wan and all;
Sure they l'ined in the dancin' so nate,
Bedad, the whole sailing did fall!
Miss McKibben she marely got smothered,
The wind was clane knockt out of me;
But the wan that came near'st bein' murthered
Was me darlint, "Swate Judy Magee!"

Chorus.—O Judy! the darlint, etc.

Save us a', but that was a disaster—
The min curst, the wimmin did squall;
While they crawled out from under the plasther
You'd a-thought there had been a snow-fall!
Sure me head's sore enough since the pearty,
But that makes but small matter to me,
For, as sure as me name's Morianty,
Next week I'll wed Judy Magee!

Chorus.—O Judy! me darlint, etc.

Philadelphia, March, 1878. SCOTT SCOULER.

A DRAMATIST RESPONDS.

If we may believe what this gentleman says, the present is the happiest moment of his life. He is the author of the new play "A Celebrated Exile," produced for the first time upon the stage of THE CLIPPER VARIETIES. Such has been the enthusiasm of the audience since the rising of the curtain that the success of the piece will be announced in to-morrow morning's papers (the advertisements were written three days before) as "Instantaneous and overwhelming." Already the actors and scene-shifters and stage-hands have been called before the curtain; and now, at the close of the third act, amid a perfect thunder of applause, the author himself makes his appearance. He is elaborately dressed, and exhales an odor of triumph and musk. With one neatly-gloved hand stretched towards the audience and the other held to his breast, he begins: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is such an unexpected compliment—it comes, I may say, so spontaneously from your warm hearts [renewed applause]—that I can really find no words to express my gratitude! [He wrote out the speech weeks ago, and has been rehearsing it daily ever since.] That my poor efforts to furnish you with amusement should have met with so flattering a reception surprises as much as it delights me. I can only say that this is the happiest moment of my life—the very happiest!" Here the applause breaks out afresh, the dramatist bows and smiles and presses his hand yet more firmly to his heart, and then proceeds: "The credit belongs more to the ladies and gentlemen who have interpreted the play than to me, who simply wrote it. [He doesn't believe a word of this, really, but it sounds magnanimous, you know, to say so.] I hope that 'A Celebrated Exile' may continue to afford pleasure to all who witness it. Thanking you once more, I bid you all good-night!" [House shaken with applause.] It's a great thing to be a successful playwright!

THE MAN THAT STRUCK BILLY PATTERSON.

(Costume—North-of-Ireland Boxer, with monster boxing gloves.)

DEDICATED TO BILLY MCGANN. BY JOHN H. CONNORS.

Shure I am the man that struck Billy Patterson,
And if he was here I would do it again;
'Twas only last night I licked Roger the hatter's son.
Oh! when I'm in trim, I can bate any three men.
If there's anyone here that would like to have a rap at me,
Let him step to the front, an' put up his "props;"
If he's big enough he needn't fear to have a whack at me—
There is plenty of yez here to shield him from the "cops."

Chorus.
Now, how is this for style, oh? *(Puts up his "dukes" and makes a pass.)*
Just wait for a while ago.
Till you see the fancy touches without any sham:
There's a "mouse" under your eye. *(Makes a pass.)*
Ha, ha! now aint I fly?—
Put up or shut up is the kind of a man I am.

(Boxes an imaginary foe around the stage, and, in his mind's eye, knocks the fight all out of him.)

Begorra, I let up on him, which they said was very kind
o' me—
I'm a peaceable man, and I only box for fun;
But when you make me mad, it's then you will find,
you'll see,
You have tripped across the man that struck Billy
Patterson.

(Chorus as before.)

(Enter diminutive policeman, and "waltzes" him off.)

Encore verse.
You ought to see list now, wid five of yer policemen,
Drug in the square, at the foot of the street;
One shlipped through me hands as if he was a grease
ball,
But the others will niver again go on their beat;
I blacked all their eyes and broke all their noses;
Faith, it'll be some time, me boys, before they'll feel
quite well;
And if any of 'em should ask you where "me nibbs" repases,
You can tell them they'll always find me at the Hallax
Hotel.

(Chorus as before.)

I was down to Muldoon's last Saturday night a week ago,
And I had the devil's own time with Patsy Malone;
I had him in "chancery," and soon made him squeak
"Oh! hol!
Hold on, you're killing me, let go me collar-bone."

THE CRUSHED COMEDIAN.

The causes which lead men to commit suicide are sometimes peculiar. For example, here is a gentleman who was once poor as the beautiful snow, and contented as a trick-mule. You see him now with his own hand raised to take his life. What drove him to this madness? Not wine, not women, not rehypothecation, not any physical disease. No; our friend has made up his mind to die simply because he is a crushed comedian! In the freshness of his manhood he yearned for stage-honors. He believed that nature had designed him for a comedian—and therein appeared a slight misunderstanding between nature and the subject of this memoir. At last the opportunity came for him to make his first appearance on the stage. He swelled out magnificently, but—he was crushed! There were groans where he had looked for laughter, catcalls where he expected cheers, and cabbages where he had fondly hoped for encouragement. It was more than he could stand—especially the cabbages. To be crushed as a tragedian would be bad enough, but in comedy—the very thought drove him wild! With a supply of powder and bullets he hastened to his room, and there we see him in the very act of emptying the contents of a horse-pistol into his mouth—the most sensible act of his life!

DREAMS OF THE BYGONE DAYS.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO FRANK E. LAMB, BY WILL E. MCNULTY.

(All Rights Reserved.)

When shadows of midnight were deep'ning around me,
And fierce was the howl of the keen, wintry blast,
I dream'd that the morning dawn'd brightly and found me
Again, 'mid the scenes of youth, back in the past;
My old cottage home, with its roof clad in flowers,
The face of the mother who loved me so well,
Each fond cherish'd friend of my boyhood's bright hours
Was with me again in my vision's brief spell.

Chorus.
Dreams of the bygone days, sweet memory's treasures,
Thy joys are, though many, too fleeting to last—
Bringing us visions of sorrows and pleasures,
Of our lost, happy days far back in the past.

Again 'long the path through the wood I was roaming,
A light-stepping, fairy form close by my side;
Again 'neath the poplar I sat in the gloaming
Whispering vows to my bonny young bride;
I heard the low chimes of the village-church pealing,
Their silvery melodies rang though the air,
And I felt the sweet joy of the calm, tranquil feeling
As when in childhood I knelt there in prayer.

Chorus.
Dreams of the bygone days, etc.

The scene quickly changed, and the darkness was falling,
Robbing the tender young plants of their bloom,
And, shrouding the lov'd ones, I vainly life as calling,
For naught but the echoes came back through the gloom;
A feeling of loneliness o'er me came creeping,
The spell of my vision was broken at last;
Each old cherish'd form in the church-yard was sleeping,
And mem'ry alone bound my heart to the past.

Chorus.
Dreams of the bygone days, etc.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"SWATE JUDY MAGEE."

TO MY FRIEND W. F. LAWLOR ("BARNEY THE GUIDE").

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And her face 'tis a picture to see;
The tone of her voice 'twould enchain yez—
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And Miss Judy she dresses in stryle;
While she plays on her fortypianner
Bedad you can hear her a molle!
Oh, if I had the wealth of the Ingees
It would be a great pleasure to me
To adorn her wid "Koweenour" diamints—
Me darlin', "Swate Judy Magee!"

Chorus.—O July! the darlint, etc.

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The neighbors came in wan and all;
Sure they l'ined in the dancin' so nate,
Bedad, the whole sailing did fall!
Miss McKibben she marely got smothered,
The wind was clane knockt out of me;
But the wan that came near'st bein' murthered
Was me darlint, "Swate Judy Magee!"

Chorus.—O Judy! the darlint, etc.

Save us a', but that was a disaster—
The min curst, the wimmin did squall;
While they crawled out from under the plasther
You'd a-thought there had been a snow-fall!
Sure me head's sore enough since the pearty,
But that makes but small matter to me,
For, as sure as me name's Morianty,
Next week I'll wed Judy Magee!

Chorus.—O Judy! me darlint, etc.

Philadelphia, March, 1878. SCOTT SCOULER.

THE TENTED ARENA OF THE OLDEN TIME.

As the various colossal shows which will perambulate our land during the Summer months are now busy with preparations for their tour, it may interest our readers to look backward some thirty-three years, and see what kind of entertainment the circus-managers of that period furnished the public. The New York Circus (of which we append a copy of an advertisement cut from a local journal in Portsmouth, N. H., and kindly sent us by Frank P. Rundlett) was considered a first-class show in those days, and its managers bore a high reputation. Yet, if we compare it with the shows of the present day, it appears a one-horse affair. It was the custom then, as now, to enter the villages and towns in which they were to exhibit in procession. First came the band-wagon, quite an ordinary affair, and nothing like the gilded and gaudily-painted chariots of the present day; then the menagerie, which we compare with the ring-costume and mounted on piebald horses, and followed by a few vans containing the baggage and properties and the tent and pole wagons. A halt was made just outside the village for the band to don their uniforms and the performers their ring attire, and to afford the "artist" of the concern an opportunity to give such of their steeds as were not piebald by nature that appearance by means of the paint-pot and brush, for no show could then hope for success that did not possess a large number of parti-colored horses. There was quite as much talent and skill displayed by the performers then as now; but a single round-top tent, for exhibiting purposes, a small one for the sideshow, and another for dressing-rooms for the company and temporary quarters for the horses, which were generally put up in some livery-stable, comprised the entire canvas outfit. The voices of the candy-butchers and the peanut and lemonade venders were then heard in the land; but they had not then learned the trick of putting ice in the latter, sawdust having been made in the place of ice. Of those connected with the circus which exhibited May 13, 1845, Henry Rockwell died of cholera in Cincinnati, O., in 1849; Otto Motty and Mons. Cassimer returned to Europe; Oscar R. Stone is dead; G. W. Sergeant retired some years ago; John Gossin died of yellow fever in Natchez, Miss., a few years since; several years ago; Dan Minnich is in retirement in Bedford Springs, Pa.; Victor Piquet died of cholera in New Orleans, La., in 1848; Ben Stevens is still before the public.

NEW YORK CIRCUS
OF MESSRS. ROCKWELL & STONE.

The refined, Grecian, athletic and equestrian exhibition of the above extensive establishment will be held in this town
ON MASON'S HILL, TUESDAY, THE 13TH INSTANT.

The proprietors presume that the popularity of their company and matchless collection of steeds are known to the citizens of this community, inasmuch as their long stay in a neighboring city was marked with great fortune, and the favored comment of every paper. The following are some of the performers connected with this

MAGNIFICENT COMPANY.

HERR OTTO MOTTY, the renowned German juggler of Hamburg, whose feats of dexterity on horseback, and cannon-ball feats, have been the wonder of all nations in Europe and America, and gained for him the name of "The Unparalleled Gymnast of the Heads. In his necromantic feats, besides throwing and catching, with his unrivaled rapidity, four or five massive brass rings, balls and daggers at once, he urges the swift steed on which he stands to its utmost speed, and executes most wonderous evolutions with several wands. His horsemanship or necromancy alone is mysteriously excellent, and, when they are combined, superhuman. In his cannon-ball feats he manifests his quickness of eye, great powers of balancing and prodigious strength, throwing massive iron globes, weighing 32 and 56 pounds each, high into the air, catching them upon the back of his neck, rolling them from hand to hand over his shoulders, etc., and finishing by holding 32 pounds in each hand at arm's length, and balancing a 56 upon his chin.

MONSIEUR CASSIMER, the greatest drummer in the world, and styled by Louis Philippe, who made him chief drum-major of the French army, the "first drummer of Europe." His professional skill has astonished many thousands who flocked to hear him in Philadelphia, New York and Boston, and is displayed in beating upon TWELVE DRUMS at once, in a rapid and elegant manner, and upon one drum in his curious and effective illustration of the Battle of Waterloo, when he imitates the morning-call, the assembly of troops, the volleys of musketry, cannonading, the charge, retreat, rally, etc.

To give even a tolerable description of the powers of the other astonishing performers of this celebrated company would occupy far too much space; suffice it to say that they were declared superior to any who ever visited Boston before, and were favored with crowded houses for twenty-seven successive weeks. The names of the principal are:

OSCAR R. STONE, the first equestrian rider of the Empire State.

G. W. SERGEANT, the famed Shakespearian rider.

JOHN GOSSIN, the clown, surnamed the "Grimaldi of America."

MRS. GOSSIN, the very beautiful and daring female equestrian.

D. MINNICH, a finished vaulter and slack-rope artist.

C. CHAMPION, the celebrated youthful double leaper and double somerset thrower.

VICTOR PIQUET, the unrivaled posturer.

MASTER B. STEVENS, the equestrian prodigy.

ALONZO HUBBELL, the American Sampson; and the

NUBIAN MELODISTS, a band of accomplished African Singers. A mighty host of geniuses never before equaled in New England.

Among other exhibitions mentioned in the programmes and posters of the circus will be performed an en. rely new and sublime Spanish spectacle, with splendid steeds, gorgeously caparisoned, called the

ANDALUSIAN ENTRY.

This grand and majestic piece has been produced with great care and expense.

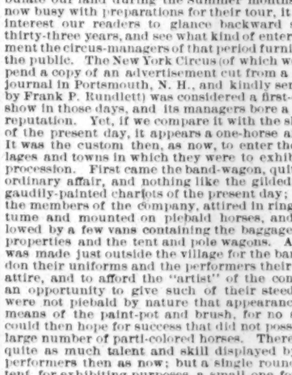
N. B.—Doors open at 2 and 7 o'clock. Performance to commence at 2½ and 7½.

Prices of admission—Boxes, 25cts.; pit, 12½cts. Children half price to boxes—no half price to pit.

NOTICE.—For particulars of the performances, please see the large bills, programmes and poems circulated in this town.

Portsmouth, May 5, 1846.

I WILL MEET THEE, CLARIBEL.



I will meet thee—in the twilight's dreamy spell
I will meet thee—
I will meet thee in the gloaming, Claribel,
Where the little birds may listen
To the story I will tell,
Where the moonbeams ever glisten
At the old tryst in the dell.

Chorus.
I will meet thee, I will meet thee, Claribel,
At the old tryst in the dell,
Where the moonbeams ever glisten,
Where the little birds may listen
To the olden, olden story I will tell.
And I'll whisper, as the songs of zephyrs swell
I will whisper:
I will whisper while they're singing, Claribel,
When the silvery moonbeams glisten,
Where the woodland fairies dwell,
When the little birds may listen,
Secrets you must never tell.

Chorus.
I will meet thee, I will meet thee, Claribel,
At the old tryst in the dell,
Where the moonbeams ever glisten,
Where the little birds may listen
To the olden, olden story I will tell.

Philadelphia, March, 1878. SCOTT SCOULER.

THE NEW YORK STAGE:

Wherein the Muse Amuses Herself by Singing of Amusements.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NICHOLAS NILES.

Canto the First.

I.

I sing the Stage. The theme is not a new one,
And neither is the stanza, as you'll see;
And yet beyond all doubt it is the true one
For this dramatic sort of minstrelsy;
Lord Byron thought so when he wrote "Don Juan,"
And what served him is good enough for me.
My Muse shall do the very best she can, sir,
With such a noble theme and famous stanza.

II.

But let it first be fully understood
That this is not a rhyme of criticisms;
The writer wouldn't write such, if he could,
Nor seek to judge, by grounded rules and "isms,"
The merits of our stars, whose lustre should
Be spared the test of analyzing prisms;
The task of telling which are fit to twinkle
We'll leave to Willie Winter and Nym Crinkle;

III.

While we shall be content to simply gaze,
And, gazing, to express our admiration;
For even in these slandered modern days,
Subjected, as they are, to condemnation,
There still remain good actors and good plays—
Enough, at least, to offer inspiration
To him who woos the Muses in an attic,
And has an inborn taste for things dramatic.

IV.

And never yet did talent on the stage
Receive a wider or readier recognition
Than in this much misrepresented age;
An actor who can act, and has ambition,
Needs only an engagement to engage
The public ear, and then to win position;
The people are the critics, after all,
And by their verdict stars must rise or fall.

V.

By which I do not mean to say that fraud
Has never snatched the crown from heads deserving,
Or that the crowd, at times, does not applaud
A charlatan, whose strongest role is serving
The times, when times are bad; but then we laud
So much that's base from lack of close observing—
Brass jewelry, until we find it's brass,
A lion, till his bray proclaims the ass!

VI.

Upon the stage, as in the wider world,
Things often get most sadly out of joint;
Yet men to sudden heights are seldom hurled
(And here's the moral which I wish to point),
The banner of success is not unfurled
At once, and those who bear it must anoint
Themselves with patience and the oil of pluck,
And trust to honest effort—not to luck.

VII.

I sing the Stage, and ask no better theme—
The modern stage, which, spite of some demerits,
Deserves, withal, our plaudits and esteem;
Which, though traduced and slandered, still inherits
A legacy so rich that those who deem
It part of their religious faith to shear its
Time-honored glory must convince us first
That Æschylus and Shakespeare were accursed.

VIII.

Per

ing sound, like an enormous cat. A pleasant sense of pride and triumph thrilled me—my secret fears departed. I cooed to him and caressed him. Suddenly the tamer's voice rang out:

"'Draw back your hand! Quick, quick! Down, down!'

"I shrieked aloud and sprang away in terror. "'What is it?' I cried. 'He was not hurting me!'

"'Not he—not Nero—no; but Death, that savage old beggar in the corner yonder, saw you, and was going to spring! I wouldn't have had him so much as scratch that pretty, plucky little hand of yours; no, not to save my own!'

"And before I knew what he was going to do, he caught the hand he had praised in his own, and kissed it again and again.

"I snatched it away, and stood there panting, ashamed, glad, sorry, all in a breath.

"'How dare you!' I cried, with crimson cheeks and flashing eyes. 'How dare you!'

"'Why, where's the harm?' he said, tossing back his bright hair with a free, graceful motion, and bending closer to me. 'Why shouldn't I kiss the dear, brave little hand? Old Death would have had it off, maybe, only for me! You're never angry for a little thing like that, are you?' How could I be angry? My brave, bold, beautiful hero! He dazzled me. Nothing like him had ever visited my dull life before. Alas, Maurice! better the lion had rent my hand than you my heart!

"He walked with me home along the quiet lanes, and told me glowing stories of the free and glorious lives these strollers led, and I hung upon his words like one entranced—enchanted. Night found me at the show again, drawn thither as the moth is drawn towards flame. Again I saw him, standing among his lions, the matchless symmetry of his form displayed by the close-fitting dress he wore, standing like some superb statue—grand in his strength and beauty. Him as a cage, fourscore of the mighty brutes he ruled; and again my heart beat high with strange emotion; again I felt the quick blood dye my cheek and fire my eyes—again my whole being thrilled beneath his glance, his smile—a subtle spell seemed on me, my will went forth to him and cried: 'There is none like thee—none!' It was not my hand, but my lips, he kissed that night, as we stood in the soft moonlight shadows of the trees. I stole back to my room as I had stolen away from it, silently, secretly; and as I watched his tall figure disappearing down the road I knew that my heart went with him.

"So I followed my heart. What is life worth without love? A casket rifled of its precious jewels—a fair fruit rotten at the core! Love is the life of life. A rose without perfume—a bird without song—day without sunlight—a night without a star—even such is life without love!

"'Must we part?' he whispered, with his arms clasped round me, and his lips pressed to my cheek. 'Part! The word thrilled me with a sudden terror. Part from Maurice! Go back to the dead monotony of the life that was mine before he came! See him no more—no more feel those dear arms enfold me? An anguish of grief possessed me at the thought, and, clinging to him wildly, I burst into a passion of tears.

"I was just seventeen, and I counted the last three days—the days that I had known Maurice—worth all the rest. How, then, could I endure the thought of a weary life without him?

"'I cannot lose you! I cannot!' I cried, and wept forth my love and grief upon his breast.

"He was very fond of me—probably with one of those passing infatuations which were common to such a man, but it seemed true love to me. I was too young, too inexperienced, too fond to analyze the quality of his passion. One thing alone I stipulated for—that I should be his wife. He laughed and fondled me lightly: 'Oh, of course!' and so we went together to our fate.

"I was very happy. Maurice was so kind and fond, and I was so proud of my handsome, famous husband. Moreover, the wild life—so different from all my former experience—charmed me, and the lions sooned learned to know me and like me almost as well as I liked them. Nero, in particular, would fawn upon me like a great dog, and before many months were over I could put him through all his tricks. Then Maurice had me billed as 'Lionia the Lion Queen,' and I went with him into the great cage during his act, having first performed Nero, myself, alone, in another smaller one.

"One night—when we were together in the den, and, the tent being crowded, people pressed close around us—I heard a woman's voice, low and eager, say:

"'The girl; who is the girl?'

"'Look at her! See!' responded another voice, as I lay down at Nero's side, with one arm thrown over his neck and my head pillowed on his mane (my place in our final tableau). 'She is the Lion King's wife.'

"'His *wife*?'

"The tone was one of mingled scorn and horror, and thrilled to my very soul. Instinctively I turned and looked at the speaker. A tall, fair woman, leaning forward from the crowd, with a white, stern face, and eyes of angry fire fixed full on mine. That moment a roar of applause arose as Maurice, waving the lions back and giving me his hand, bowed to the spectators and stepped from the cage. Louder than all the noise that tone seemed echoing in my heart: 'His *wife*?'

"Who was she that dared to question it? We had been married on the morning after our flight, and I had sent the certificate to my parents. Who was this woman who dared question my being his wife?

"Still holding his hand, I was hurrying breathlessly to the dressing-room, when he, glancing down at me, exclaimed:

"'How pale you are! What is the matter? Were you frightened, pet?' and, stooping suddenly, took my face between his hands and kissed me.

"'For the last time! Never again did those false lips—Judas-like—touch mine, alas! My love! my love—never, never again!

"'For—like a fury, like an incarnate storm—she flung herself between ——

"'Maurice?' she cried, 'I forbid you to touch that girl—*I am his lawful wife!*'

"'His lawful wife! O God, why did not the words kill me? I read their fatal truth too surely in her flashing eyes, in her towering rage and scorn. Still more I read it in his death-white face, his quivering lips, his abject look of terror.

"'Is it true? Is it true?' I wailed, falling on my knees before him. He turned away and hid his face, while she said sternly:

"'It is the truth before God—if you have yet to learn it, I have been married to this man ten years!'

"What followed I know not, save as I have been told. They say I ran frantic—perfectly crazed and wild. It may be so—It was a blow to break the heart and craze the brain—but I know nothing of it. I remember only a long, long, dreary stupor—a stupor to which the sense of pain and sorrow penetrated dimly, and without being understood. My heart ached, my soul was tortured; but my brain could not answer why. Then came a racking, physical pain, as little comprehended, and then at last sense falled me altogether, and I sank away in perfect, dreamless rest.

"Out of that deep oblivion I was summoned by a little wailing cry—faint, yet oh, how thrilling! Weak, yet all-powerful! It roused my heart—it drove the clouds back from my troubled brain; memory and consciousness returned together—the memory of all my wrongs, of all my anguish—the consciousness of a strange, deep, wondrous joy. Maurice was false—my husband lost forever; but in his stead the bliss of motherhood was mine. I clasped to my blighted breast my new-born child.

"My baby—my darling innocent! Wronged past all help by a father's sin before its first breath was drawn. At that thought a curse welled up from my heart against him. I might have forgiven the ruin of my own young life—I could not pardon the stain upon my child's. All the love of my being rushed forth to protect and shield from everything related for Maurice but hatred and scorn.

"Everybody pitied me and my baby, abandoned to the mercies of the world. I could never return to my home, disgraced and nameless. Baby and I had only each other's love to live for now. When the circus season came round again I left the manager took me on, and I heard how he had helped me in my sickness, and how he had discharged Maurice, who, finding himself an object of general execration and contempt, had finally changed his name and left the country. So I went back to my lions. Nero remembered me, and welcomed me back like an old friend. A change had come over my whole nature. I had grown colder, harder, and more reckless; better fitted, indeed, to cope with the fierce brutes, who cowered and crouched beneath my voice and lash in sullen, half-rebellious submission. Oh, but the excitement of controlling them was glorious! It carried me out of myself. It overmastered a certain dangerous despair that sometimes swept in a wild flood over my soul and threatened to destroy my reason. Only baby saved me from it—my heart; jealousy of that other woman maddened me; I shrank with loathing from a human face—a human voice—and fled to my lions for shelter. Then, standing in their midst, commanding, threatening, praising, a strange, wild, vivid joy came to my heart once more. My power and triumph lifted me above my woes. I watched with flashing eyes the sinewy, powerful forms, crouching, striding, gliding to and fro, with low, deep, muttering growls of sullen anger. I laughed aloud for glee to see them cower before me. Sometimes our people gathered round the cage with looks of actual terror, and the women shrank away as I passed by, and whispered to each other: 'She is crazed!' I cared not. What were they or their thoughts to me? I had my baby and my lions—in cherishing the first and conquering the last, I rose above myself and above the world.

"Never, they said, had woman dared as I dared. It seemed as though I bore a charmed life. Crowds flocked to see me. And when, one night, I took my three-year-old baby into the den, and rosy-faced boy by Nero's side and flung his tiny, dimpled arm around the monster's neck, our triumph was complete.

"But the women no longer *whispered* 'She is crazed;' they spoke it boldly, and some began to murmur about the child. One day one of them dared to say aloud: 'She is not fit to care for it; it should be taken from her.' I heard the words. I made no sound in answer, but I walked up to her *and looked into her eyes*—looked, as I might have looked into a lion's. She gave a cry—she shrank away in fear. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Next day she left the company. Did she think that I might loose brave Nero on her? I *would* have done so rather than let her touch my darling boy!

"It could not have been long after that—I cannot tell how long, my memory of the time is so confused—it was night, and I was with my lions. I had been strangely ugly, even for him, and I had to force him to obey me. Suddenly, I ordered him to march, he crouched, and as if about to spring, growling fiercely.

"I took hold of me; a spirit indomitable as my breast, and made me, for the moment, terrible. With upraised whip and nerveless eye I lowered above the savage brute. His growling sank into a whine, his eye wavered and fell 'neath mine—he crouched on his belly to my feet.

"A burst of applause arose; I heard, but saw not—eyes were on my lions—only at the risk of my life could I have removed them then. *He* was there! Maurice knew that *his* voice would overpower me, and yet he spoke. Only the voice that I had not heard for years—that I hoped never to hear more—that I had prayed in my agony might be heard no more in the world—that I had believed dead to me forever—that now, alas! My love! my love—never, never again!

"

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must* be prepaid, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letter received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, March 25.

LADIES' LIST.

Alvis, Vadie
Arlington, Spray
Adair, Ada
Allen, Georgia
Adams, Nettie (of Golden's Co.)
Antonio, Martha
Biltz, Mrs. Rosa
Bertrice, Genevieve
Bertha, Mlle. (statue "biz")
Barker, Eva G.
Bradley, Leanora (3) 15c.
Blande, Edith (2)3c
Beamont, Nellie (3
Branscombe, Maude (2
Bridges, Minnie
Bean, Fannie (vocalist) 6c.
Beamont, Stella (2
Baughman, Little Lottie
Bartelo, Carrie
Bertha, Mlle. (dancense) (2)
Burdick, Dora
Bisdell, Carrie
Carter, Mrs. Laura
Crabtree, Lotta
Deemar, Emily
Denton, Annie
De Lange, Lillie
Delmar, Emily
Doyle, Minnie
Eytinge, Rose
Emmerson, Dollie
Elmore, Annie (vocalist)
Postelle, Belle (2)
Forrest, Lillian
Fox, Annie (2)
Fontainbleau, Mlle.
Francis, Mrs. Victoria
Garretson, Fannie
Gray, Ada
Gerald, Nita (2)
Halpin, Jennie F.
Howard, Lou
Hindes, Josephine G.
Helene or E. Menzelli, Mlle.
Herd Sisters
Kellogg, Alice (with Berger Family)
Loretta, Millie
Lucille, Fannie (2)
Lauretta, Mlle.
Leslie, Mrs. David
Lang, Ione
Lurton, Ethel
Laurent, Mrs. Henri
Labscelle, Mad. Lyman
Lakven, Rosa
Mayo, Elia
Morris or Charlie Shay, Viola
McCall, Lizzie
Marshall, Florence
Miller, Adelaide (vocalist)
Martelle, Millie
Mitchell, Lottie
Meehan, Sadie 6c.
Nash, Helen
Palmer, Emma
Pratt, Miss Frank
Prestige, Fannie
Park, Isabella
Renard, Celia
Ransom, Alice (2)
Rogers, Genevieve
Rinehart, Mrs. S.
Richmond, Josie & Lu-lu
Saxton, Kate
St. Felix, Leanora
Sanborn, Ada
Siddons, Ida
Shellman, Rosa
Sheffield, Imogene (2)
Sefton, Maude
St. Felix, Henrietta (2)
St. Felix Sisters
Sherwood, Alice
Stone, Amy
Tuttle, Lottie
Thompson, Julia
Vunubia, Julia
Victoria, Sophia
Von Hillern, Bertha
Walby, Josephine
Weatherbey, Eliza
Watson, Louisa (of Murray's Co.)
Wyndham, Alice
Warner, Florence

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Arnold, Dave
Avery, C. A. (3)
Adams, Jas. E. (2)
Austin, Charlie
Allen, W. A. (pedestal "biz")
Allen, W. A. (pedestal "biz")
Barlow, M. (of B. W. F. & W.)
Blossom, Nat
Brown, R. B.
Bingham, J. W.
Butler, Henry
Blodget, Wash
Byrne, J. (of Smith & Byrne)
Boyd, Arthur T.
Bush, T. F. (2)
Brown, F. (of S. Irwin's Co.)
Barrett, Lawrence
Brady, Abner S.
Barton, T. (of Carr & Barton)
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Bennett, Harry
Barlow, M. G.
Barnum, H. (of London Circus) (2)
Beckwith, Ira
Barlow, Wilson
Primrose & West
Bohee, James
Blandowski, Mons
Brown, E. B. (of Chadbury's Co.)
Barlow Bros.
Cotton, Benmanagor)
Carroll, Wm.
Coon, Chas. S.
Conroy & Nelson
Coleman, D. W.
Carr, F. (of Healy's Hibern.)
Campbell, Frank (Dutch "biz")
Carson, Jr., Kit
Crane, Chuck
Cruz, Chas.
Cottrell, Chas.
Cooke, De Witt
Chapell, Chas.
Clark, H. (of "Lottie" Comb.)
Croll, W. K.
Cary & Hamlin
Crumley, Robt.
Coney, Geo. W.
Cliwards, G. (Punch & Judy "biz")
Chenet, J. (of Wallace Sisser's Co.)
Call, S. B. (gymnast)
Crane, W. H. 6c.
Chapman, W. E.
Clarke, Kit
Converse, F. B.
Clark & Davis
Cole, W. (late of Louisville, Ky.)
Colini, B. (ballet "biz")
Cummings, J. (of Gus Harrington)
Candello & Victorelli
Carter, Billy (of Parker & Co.)
Coates, Asa.
Carroll & Maxwell
Dingess, John
Devere, Sam
Dillon, James
Ducrow, Wm.
Devlin, Jas. E.
D'Artrey, W.
D'Artrey, Fred W.
Dickeson, (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Dillon, John (comedian)
Dupree, C. H.
Dane, Chas. E.
Dumont, Frank
Delehanty & Heng ler
Drew, Mike
Davis, Thos. (circus "biz")
Daveau, L. 6c.
Daly, Augustin
Eagan, Master (gymnast)
Eldridge, Press
Eugene, H.
Emery, Will
Emmett, J. K.
Florance, G. A. (musician)
France, Geo.
Forepaugh, John A.
Fielder, R. (of Barnum's Circus)
France, Sid
Fish, C.
Fleury, Fernando
Friese, A.
Fox, J. R.
Foote, Jr., Wm.
Frohman, Gustave
Fox, Willie (comique)
Fields, Jas. (of F. Werner's Co.)
Finn, John F.
Franklin, Fred. (gymnast)
Frohman, D.
Frost, Hyatt (2)
Ferguson, Barney 18c.
Forbes, Chas. 6c.
Gotthold, E. M.
Gilmore's Band, Manager
Graham, R. E.
Grover, Leonard
Gaylord, Willie
Griste, Chas. B. (2)
Garthan, Alysius
Guy Family
Gaston, Albert
Goldie & Steele
Gardner, Frank A. (2)
Graham, R. E.
Geyer, Albert
Graff, J. (of Strakosch's Co.)
Gorman, Dick (of Gor. Kemp & Howe)
Golden, Martin
Heywood, Tom (minst. "biz" Sic. mus'n Co.)
Howorth, John (manager)
Hager, Dr. A. W.
Heywood, W. (of Heywood Bros.)
Harkins, D. H. (2)
Hanchett, David
Harrison, Eugene H.
Hanson & Rich
Hooker, Fred
Harding, S.
Hernandez, Monte
Holloway, James
Henry, Wm.
Healy, Dr. J. E. (2)
Hyatt, Frank (of Stone's Circus) (2)
Hall, Geo. W. (2)
Howard, F. (of Wagner's Minst.)
Hess, C. D.
Hawkins, D. R.
Hughes, Mark
Hamilton, W. (of Slavin Co.)
Heywood Bros.
Henry, Wm. B. (2)
Hilliard & Hunting
Hall, Frank A.
Huntley, W. A.
Haskell, Edward
Jones, Frank
Jarrett & Palmer
Johnston, R. (of Johns. N. Y. Co.)
Jefferson, Tommy
Kent, Frank
Kohl, Bill
Kent, Julian
Kelley, J. D.
Kelly, J. (of Kelly & Leslie Co.)
Levino, Dolph
Lorella, J. (of Lorella Co.)
Lotta, Fred
Leavitt, M. B. (3)
Leavitt, Abe
Lyle, W. E.
Leland, Matt. 6c.
Lorella, John C.
Laing, H. (agent)
Leavitt, Ben
Leon, Chas. C.
Lawrence, T. W.
Lesler, F. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Little, C. (of M. A. Turner)
Lawton, Geo. (banjoist)
Larkin, Jas. M.
Lockhart, — (one-arm-man)
Levitt, A. (of Norton & Levitt)
Long, Art
Laiscelle, Lyman
Macarthy, Fred
Metkiff, Geo.
Moreland, Harry (heavy "biz")
McCluskey, J. (drummatist)
Maginley, Ben
Monroe, —
Morton, John S.
Noyes, Aubrey C.
Oglesby, Dick
Orrin Bros.
O'Brien, C. (of O'Brien Bros.)
Omohondro, J. B.
Pond & Co.
Queen & West
Robinson, Jos. C. (musician)
Rublin, L. 6c.
Rankin, A. McKey
Raymond, C. P.
Rogers, Chas. S.
Ryan, T. J. (of Kelly & Ryan)
Rhodes, Dan
Robinson, G.
Rinehardt, Julius C.
Rowe, Geo. Fawcett
Rosenbaum, Jr., E.
Reed, A. C.
Richards, Al E.
Rice, Pat
Rice, Dan
Snow, Eddie (Pastor's Co.)
Sloman, Ed
Sellon & Byrnes
Sivalls, Chas.
Sheehan, Jack
Smith, Wm. A. T.
Smith, E. C. (of Smith & Byrne)
Seubert, J. H.
Steele, Geo. K.
Stanley, W. H. (vocalist)
Somerby, Rufus
Sadler, Tommy 6c.
Stanwood, Harry
Stanley, Burton (2)
Slavin, J. H. (2)
Searl, F. (Texan Ranger)
Swain, Sam
Sherman, W. H. (agent)
Sanford & Wilson
Stone, H. F. ("theatrical biz")
Saphore, J.
Sanford, Jos. (gymnast) (2)
Sewell, W.
Sothern, E. A.
Shannon, Mr. (of Sterson & Co.)
Summers, J. W.
Seymour, O. T. (of Robinson's Minss.)
Stiles, Will H.
Sutton, Chas. (minstrel "biz")
Tynor, F. J. (of Kerry Gow Co.)
Toole, T. R. & Mrs.
Turner, C. (of Gilday & Turner)
Thompson, Wm. (2)
Tryon, Henry C.
Turner, Dick
Thompson, Den
Trevelle, Walter
Uffner, Frank
Valentine, J. G.
Voos, A. E. 52c.
Vere, G. W.
Whitlin, Thos.
Wilson, J. B. (bandjoist)
Wood, J. H. (with Sprague & Blodgett)
Williams, Gus (2)
Wing, C. A. 3c.
Wheeler, A. (of K. Claxton's Co.)
Watkins, C. A. (of Watkins & Gray's Co.)
Wells, Billy
Whitenect, W. H.
Washburn, Willie
Washburn, Tony
Wood, N. S.
Wylie & Wade
Wilson, Jack
Wilson, Frank
Wilson, Jr., E. (of Thomas & Watson)
Whittaker, John A.
West, Wm. (of B. W. F. & W.)
Wall, Fred (gymnast)
Washington, E. S.
Walton, W. J.
Wells, Billy
Wilson, Jr., E. (of Wallace Sisters'Co.)
Wagner, Cal
White, Archie
Wilson, Billy
Weaver, J. (of Milligan & Weaver)
Zera, Prof. (2)

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Memphis (Tenn.) Post-office for Warren E. Fox, Agent South Carolina Minstrels (6); Archie McCarthy, with W. W. Cole's Circus; Heywood, Manager Heywood Brothers Combination, and E. E. Barye, of New York Comedy Combination.

INTRODUCTORY.

MONDAY, March 25, '78.

In commencing the twenty-sixth annual volume of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, we cannot permit the opportunity to pass without expressing our deep sense of obligation to all who have so kindly contributed to this department of our paper, and assisted in making our record of the movements of the players reliable and interesting. Our obligations are alike due to our many advertising friends, who, in recognition of THE CLIPPER as the regular organ of the theatrical and show profession generally, have extended a liberal patronage to that organ, and, in doing so, placed their favors where they would do them the most good. By attention to business and the tastes and desires of our friends, we hope to merit and receive a continuance of that support which has been so freely given us for nearly a quarter of a century.

.....Taking into consideration the Lenten season, the general stagnation in trade, and the doubts and fears relative to the future, our places of amusement are doing a moderately fair legitimate business, with expectations of improvement as Easter approaches and settled Spring-weather sets in.....The circus interest will soon put in its claim for a share of public favor, as the time fixed for moving the tents and "setting 'em up again" is now dawning upon the large brotherhood of circus-engineers who have so long been waiting for the good time coming, and all that that implies. Let a cheery welcome be given to the gallant knights and fair ladies of the sawdust arena, as well as to the irrepressible "candy butchers," in whom there is no guile. The chariots and the horsemen thereof are all ready for the signal that shall start them on their annual pilgrimage to the shrine of Mammon. "Our Jim," whose aspirations to become a dashing acrobat received such a severe check by his tumble while rehearsing a short time ago, is now willing to enter the wagon line, and accept a position as second assistant greaser's assistant's greaser's assistant. He is not quite so ambitious of tenting honors as he was last year.....Let us all, then, unite in coming to present for your consideration the appended

QUESTION OF FACT.

We offer this conundrum,
Which into our mind has crept:
If the present time is *Lent*,
How on earth can it be *kept*?

.....We incidentally mentioned to an Irish friend of ours on St. Patrick's Day that Charley Backus, who was in New York the day before, would appear in cork that night. "Bedad," said the Celt, "will he go on the tailyfone?" No, was our response. "Begorra, it's a moighty long stretch av you was ever there," added the Milesian; "that will he do win he gits there?" He will enjoy the pure mountain dew so closely connected with cork. "Arrah, now, be aisy wid yez: he needn't go so fur—Dennis Malone will let him have a drop of the pure stuff widout his going to Cork." [Now, you very naturally suppose that this is an unfinished sketch; that there is more to come, but there isn't. We merely introduce it to show with what fluency we speak the Celtic dialect, as witness the words "begorra," "bedad," and "arrah," without which no Irish-American sketch is genuine.—ED.).....There is no limit to the ignorance of some people, and some of the ignorantest are among theatre-goers. Now, there was one chap who had been to see the laughable play of "Our Bachelors" at the Park Theatre. The next day we received a note from him asking if Mr. *Crane* was a member of the *stork* company!.....Harmony is necessary in all things, save where discord will answer the purpose. In the advertising columns of the Boston papers we saw announced that forty-five thousand persons had already witnessed a certain play. In another column, in a puff of the play, it was stated that *sixty*-five thousand had seen it! That's where the discrepancy is, and that's why we repeat that there should be a sort of harmony, a kind of *en rapport*, between the advertising department and the bureau of puffs!.....Modjeska, whom THE CLIPPER first set on her feet in this direction, and sent on her way rejoicing, is having honors bestowed upon her wherever she goes. Boston filled her with ducats and baked beans; New York gave her a banquet and a free ride on our elevated railroad; Pittsburg has just paid her the compliment of a serenade by a legitimate brass band, illuminated by a real lime-light. Nevada has a silver brick in store for her, to be appended to a series of suitably-engrossed complimentary resolutions. Modjeska forever!.....Here's another thing we want to know, videlicit: What's the use of songs being *introduced* when we're already *acquainted* with them?.....It may be important for managers to learn, now that Goss and Dwyer are making a circuit of the variety theatres, that pugilists often go off by themselves, *and take a private "box 1"*.....Rice puddin [Put in.—ED.] a big and well-done feast when presenting "Evangeline" to the habitues of the Grand Opera-house. How they came to call a *Hoster* a *fisherman*, and a lone one at that, with all that crowd around, is what perplexes us, and fills us with sad misgivings as to the educational system of this country. Truly, "Evangeline" is a big card.....This brief allusion to big cards induces us to impart to our readers, in confidence, the following taking

CARD CONVERSATION.

"Tom, when you offered me your '*hand*'
I should have *'passed.'*" "I understand—
You don't '*understand*' our bliss, I own;
Better if we'd have *'gone alone.'*
If there's any trouble, you *'make it.'*" "Liar!
Who *'orders me up'* to light the fire?"
"It wasn't love, or you'd've told me so."
"My *diamonds took your heart*, you know?"
"You're full of *'tricks*,' you know it's true."
"Well, I'm a *'deuce'* for you, that's new."
"Your *'club'* is dearer than my *'heart.'*"
"Oh, *'cut'* it, do; we'd better part."
"We've come within an *'ace'* of blows—
You've some good *'points*,' though, I suppose;
I'd better go and *'pack'* my clothes."
"Love, I'm ashamed to cause you pain,
So let us *'part and come again!'*"

.....Kellogg and Cary, like England and Russia, are biting their thumbs at each other, but so far not a blow has been struck on either side. It has been thoughtfully suggested, in the interest of peace, that one should knock a chip off the other's shoulder. This is a good and an effectual method of bringing things to a crisis, or a climax, as you may prefer. Once—we remember it as well as if it were yesterday—we essayed to knock a chip off, but we dropped first. Since then we have exercised wisdom by having nothing to do with "chips" of any kind.....If we weren't afraid of making him angry we should have no hesitation in calling Heller *Robert the Devil*.....'A Celebrated Hard Case," presented last week at the Theatre Comique, may have been suggested by the *hard* yellow-case in use at the Bowery Theatre bar-house.....Owing to this being Lent, and other uses being found for the finny and scaly tribe at the Fish House, the worthy manager now offers a feast of dog, goat, and horseflesh. Anything for a change, as the twenty-shilling boarder said when a purser's dirt of porgies gave place to a succession of flounders.....When Heller performs the feat of the "Orange Tree," he gives both old and young an orange treat!.....Mr. De Cordova is going around telling people about "Our First Baby." He should say "Our First Baby" so far as he has any knowledge of the subject. You cannot make a mistake in that. We shall welcome with open arms "our *last* baby!".....We must decline the song commencing: "O, *Ida Collum, if I'd a column*, I'd give it all to thee." Such things may answer well enough in our advertising columns, but we have no room in this department.....Pumpkin Center, Ohio, says a play is in preparation at one of our first-class society theatres. It is called "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and is said to have been founded on events connected with slavery in the South. We await with yearning and deep solicitude the production of what promises to be a work of rough personal and humorous interest. *The Weekly Freebooter* has not heard of this yet! Oh, this is pie for us!.....In reference to a play a short time ago brought out at Booth's Theatre, the lamentable James asks permission to engraft the following brilliant effusion upon the parent stock. It were:

SADNESS, BY O. J.

At Boothses "Poor Joe" and his trubbels
Plessed plenty of pepil rite good,
Tho' sum of the critics did call it vulgar papers
Tride to make a *big stick out us Wood!*

THE END.

.....According to Brother Thatcher, up at the San Francisco Minstrels' Hall, "The villain still pursued her," though he omits to give us the name of the parties, or the probable cause of the rash act.

.....Some lecturers have *honors* heaped upon them, while others have other things thrust upon them. If O'Donovan Rossa dunno when he is well off, perhaps he will thank us for cautioning him to keep away from Toronto, for the people up that way do not care much for lecturers—the circus is their stronghold. Their little eccentricity of trying to shoot the lecturer, instead of his hat, must be accepted as among the peculiarities of a fun-loving people.....We would fain hold the Dundreary 'un, is said to have paid eight thousand dollars to Mr. Gilbert the London playwright for a new and original play. Had Mr. S. consulted us before undertaking this rash act, he might have saved seven thousand and six hundred dollars, for we would have given him just as good a play for four hundred dollars, with an educated mule and a trapezist thrown in. People lose a great deal of money by going over there for what they want.....George the Count is favoring the Quaker City with his week, and evidently disposed to declare that the great demand for eggs and other vegetable productions has sent up the price to an exalted figure.....'The Exiles," the real original, will shortly be exhibited at Booth's Theatre. Exiles are common enough on Broadway without going to the theatre to behold them: but they have, you know, are not so abundant as they might be. Boston and Philadelphia rather got ahead of us this time, but neither of those "suburban towns" has explained what "The Exiles" are. No, that is left for us. James, let fly:

THE EXILES.

Would there be any harm in remarking
That the fellows who lost their piles
In petroleum stock ought really
To be called, nowadays, The Ex-Biles?

[Of course the indulgent reader will understand that the point of this lies in giving it the rich Irish accent, and reading it "The Ex-*Oils*.].....It is now stated as a probable fact that Mr. and Mrs. Florence will spend next summer at Ems. "*What* Em's?" James, *don't* let anyone hear you ask such a silly question. Ems isn't a she; it's a place; and it isn't even a place of "Whoa, Emma!"—it's a town in Germany, and to go there is one of the advantages of the mighty dollar, you know. And if you have any curiosity to learn what sort of a place Ems is, you will carefully study the lines which follow:

THE FLORENCES AT EMS.

The town of Ems—our genial pair
Will find not em-ployment of enjoyment,
And it is em-inently fair
That, after months of close em-ployment,
A chance, at last, to em-brace
To thus em-bark upon the ocean,
And we their memories shall em-balm,
And wish them em-phatically bon voy-em-otion!

.....Talk about hard times! Why, there are unnumbered fortunes waiting for somebody in the show business. We know it; because only last week we read seven distinct announcements to the effect that "a live man with a small capital can secure an interest in a theatre or a combination on the road." The curious thing about these notices is that the capital required is invariably small, and the man must always be "live"—thus indicating that anybody may avail himself of the golden opportunities unless he happens to be dead. .....They've got a dog-and-pony fight in Boston—not in a bottle of alcohol, or anything of that sort; but a real, live, grunting pig. The two heads are distinct and perfect, and it is reasonable to suppose that each has a brain as large as that given to the average Bostonian—that is, to the average Bostonian of New York. They will educate this double-header, what a card he would make! And what advantages he would enjoy over the ordinary pig! When one head became tired of searching for the nine-spot, the other could take up the work; and in this way one snout would always be ready to root. The Boston pig might, with his pair of heads, be able to understand Joseph Cook, and possibly to find his way about the streets of the Hub unaided. Oh, a double-headed pig is a great thing—let us sing:

BOSTON'S PIG.

Two heads with but a single spine,
Two snouts that eat as one—
Let Boston cease henceforth its whine
While swine like this it has!

.....Really, death is reaping a rich harvest of late. Only a few days ago the young and promising chimpanzee was stricken down, and now the genial hippopotamus has passed away. Of course, a fitting obituary notice that shall speak of these deaths are put up, so to speak, for the express purpose of securing for the subject a bit of our immortal verse! If we thought that—but never mind! Let them take care hereafter, however. Meantime, you may have

ON THE YOUTHFUL HIPPOPOTAMUS.

From where the White Nile gently flows
They brought her when a child;
She grew where geese are hatched by hen
Where elephants run wild;
To capture and to bring her here,
It took, indeed, a lot of fear
And we had learned to cherish well
Our Baby Hippopotamus.
Ah, little need there be, I ween,
Her virtues to enamel;
She proved how dear may grow to be
A pachydermatous animal
Of all the many friends she made,
'Tis safe to say there's not a cuss
Who does not mourn with all his heart
Our Baby Hippopotamus!
So young and yet so loving she,
So full of playful fancy—
She's gone an angel now to be
Along with poor Chimpanzee.
Consumption was the dread disease,
And cruel Death he got her thus—
Though hidden now, we've still the hide
Of Baby Hippopotamus!

.....They say they are going to shoot Mephistopheles from a cannon at the London Circus tonight. This is a peculiarly interesting statement coming, as it does, at a time when the existence of a personal Mephistopheles is the subject of so much discussion. We have long held that it was time to shoot the dev—that is, Mephistoph. And now that our circus friends have undertaken the task, we will encourage them by appending

SHOOTING MEPHISTOPHELES.*

Bob Ingersoll has had his shot,
And so has Mr. Beecher,
And Satan has received a hot
From many a famous preacher;
But now still further to be hurled
Is this, the great encharger,
And by a cannon which can speak
As loud as Canon Farrar!

[*This is Greek for Devil. The Greeks are used to say, when a man observed that he was going to "smile:" "The Mephistopheles you are!" This was not swearing.—ED.]

FACT AND FANCY FOCUSED.

Having long had an ambition for the stage, Bessie Turner is on it. Under the fatherly guidance of James W. Collier, she made her initial bow last week with his traveling company. The professional name she has chosen bears no resemblance to the one made familiar to the public through the Tilton Beecher trial. Turner is commonplace—Avery is savory. Than Bess, Bessie is nearer—but Beta is sweeter. So henceforth forever let her be known as Miss Beta Avery. The role in which she first came before the public—an important one in the prologue of "A Celebrated Case"—derives its chief force from her own celebrated case. No wonder that Maggie Mitchell, for the first time in about sixteen years, appears in this city without James W. Collier to support her. James has a weightier task in directing the trembling and uncertain footsteps of the young actress in embryo. May Heaven give him strength—and her!.....Vienna recently sold Haydn's piano for twelve hundred florins.....King Alfonso went to a Madrilene theatre with Signor Canovas del Castillo. The play was wretched, abominable, execrable. "How do you like it?" said the Minister just as the waiter entered the royal box with ices. "Splendid—it's the finest play I ever saw in my life," said the King. "Between us," added the young King, "it is probably the worst play ever written, but I didn't wish to say so before the waiter. I didn't know but that he might be the author, and so couldn't take the risk of hurting his feelings."....Goethe's dramatic poem "Torquato Tasso" was played lately at the Hamburg Stadt Theatre for the benefit of Herr Barnay. There is an authoritative denial that Lady Burdett-Coutts purposes leasing Drury-lane Theatre, London, Eng., in order to install Henry Irving as lessee thereof.....Miss Linda Dietz and George Holland sail for England with E. A. Sothern on April 27....On March 21 Justice Walsh charged Pierce L. Jarvis of the Olympic Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., $30 for the privilege of permitting a tight-rope performance without an underlying net to break the artist's legs in case he should fall.....More crape at our Aquarium. The tame hippopotamus was found dead in its bed on the morning of March 20. A larger brute of the same species, and which is to occupy the same bed, took passage from Egypt on the following day. We allow no grass to grow in our hippopotamus' bed.....Alexandre Dumas, in going through his father's papers, found a piece in five acts, written by the dead man, and founded upon "Balsamo." He showed it to M. Duquesnel, who thought that the subject might have received a greater development. So M. Dumas set to work, cutting, extending and rearranging, but respecting the novel and the piece much as possible. He has left that country because the cast-iron did not correspond with his own ideas as to the parts that should be assigned him, on March 2 read "The Merchant of Venice" to a company of invited guests at Lady Ripon's residence, London.....London correspondent: "Two trained stallions, "purchased by P. T. Barnum from the royal stables of Italy," recently arrived in this city from somewhere. They will prance at the Hippodrome.....Our contemporaries having at last discovered that Herr Maurice Neville, the Hungarian tragedian, has been in the United States, they have been basing high anticipations upon his appearance in opera of Charles Fechter's writer. By-and-bye they will learn that this lady made her debut in opera years ago, and quit it because of a feeble voice due to poor health. As Maurice in "Faust," he has now reappeared, with more success than formerly.....When the time came to go home, last Friday night, several of the ladies of color who had performed at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, N. Y., in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," were forced to go to the station-house in their stage costumes. Their street apparel had been stolen. They found it in the station-house, and claimed Him-Hern Carter when they looked suspicious in possession of a huge bundle, the police had arrested him. He explained that the clothes were passed out to him from the Academy window by Duncan, one of the males employed in the play. Duncan was arrested, and Justice Walsh on the 23d inst. held him for trial.....After having gone to the steamer and surveyed their future home, Edward Harrigan and his wife, Miss Kitty O'Neil, decided not to go to Florida. The gentleman has changed his physician, and will try new treatment in his native city.....Barney Ferguson, who reminds us of the death of Mr. Hudson, once eminent as an Irish comedian, and who will be remembered for his fine presence, speaking eyes, rich clear voice and impressive acting, has made two visits to this country. In 1849 he came alone, his first bow to Americans being at our Broadway Theatre, as Paudeen O'Rafferty in "Born to Good Luck." In 1865 he accompanied Barney Williams to England, and at Niblo's Garden they produced the opera of "The Crown Diamonds," which was then heard in English for the first time in this country. During the three years he was here with her they fulfilled several operatic engagements at Niblo's, and he also occasionally appeared as Sir Peter to her Lady Teazle. In San Francisco their engagement was suddenly ended by his refusing to ever appear again in California. Alike in England and in this country, he was the creator of Connor the Rash in Dion Boucicault's comedy-drama of "The Knight of Arva."—Jack Farrell, who has just returned to England has won the first French comedians—Power, Brougham, Leonard, Collins, and Hudson—and the first and the last have been rated here as the leading comedians of the French stage. Hudson left the stage as an operatic singer, for many years before he became an Irish comedian. Having amassed a competence, he retired long ago, and has since lived in ease and comfort with his family in England. He was about sixty-seven years old, and professionally had made almost the circuit of the globe. Later information is that he died in London on March 6.....Mrs. E. F. Fuller is holding receptions at her residence in Washington, D. C.....William Garnett, John Cordova, and George Willis, who have severally lived twenty-one and eighteen years, surreptitiously left their homes in Brooklyn, N. Y., on March 27, for a romantic life on the prairies. They had been to see the fiery drama of "Texas Jack," and that settled it. Their outfit consisted of six dollars in money, two suits of clothes apiece, one revolver for all three, and a bowie-knife for every mother's son of 'em.....The death of the widow of Rossini the composer is announced by cable, upon the authority of a foreign correspondent of *The London Times*, who adds that which may not prove to be true—that Rossini's fortune will now go towards establishing and supporting a home for aged or invalid singers.....Miss Inez Sexton, a musical metropolitan of some celebrity, is on her wedding-tour to Europe. Davidge is gratifying intelligence that business continues large with Daly's Fifth-avenue Combination.....Edward Harrigan's exaggerated parody of "A Celebrated Case" has caught the popular fancy. It abounds in rich comic ity moments, and its quips and quirks are emphasized by Dave Braham's choicest melodies. A fair sample of its many captivating features is the introduction of a comic Irish undertaker, who is made to be led to "his doom" by miniature soldiers who move, not to the stereotyped solemn march, but with swaying steps after the fashion of Pat Rooney. The success of the burlesque has thus early provoked threatened imitation, to wit:

CITY SUMMARY.

MAGGIE MITCHELL, after several years' absence, made her reappearance upon the metropolitan stage in the Standard Theatre March 18, when J. B. Runnion's four-act drama of "Mignon" was acted, with the following cast:

Mignon.....Maggie Mitchell
Wilhelm Meister, Wm. Harris.....Joseph Wheelock
Sperati.....Russell Bassett
Laertes.....Gustavus Levick
Gip.....Harry Hotto
Romanie.....P. A. Anderson
Frederic.....Rufus Scott
Baron Medina.....H. Fuller
Gambrinus.....E. B. Holmes

The drama was beautifully mounted with freshly-painted scenery, and a number of professional chorus-singers and dancers were employed to give effect to the gipsies' song in the third act. Special praise is due for the thoroughly effective manner in which the illusory fire-scene in that act was managed. Miss Mitchell has lost none of her vivacity and mercurility of spirit, and the acting is as piquant as ever; but this drama does not afford her so much scope as others in her repertory to display those qualities which have made her name celebrated throughout the land; and possibly, for this reason, the attendance, although good, was not as large as it might have been. Nevertheless, the drama is a good one, and it affords the fair artist opportunity to display her ability in pathetic acting, and in other cities where she has been in the habit of fulfilling one engagement at least every season it has proven equally remunerative, and given ample opportunity to vary her performances. That Miss Mitchell possesses artistic ability to delineate those passions which cause the heart to throb with increased velocity, and the eyes to become suffused with tears, is undeniable; but the, marked favor with which her acting in the comedy scenes of the drama was received simply proves that the popular taste, in this city at least, now craves for mirth and laughter, instead of tears, and in obedience to that behest "Fanchon," which is indissolubly connected with Miss Mitchell's fame and name, is to be given during the present week. The supporting company is one of more than ordinary excellence, and the members were admirably fitted to the various roles assigned them. In "Mignon," William Harris, who has accompanied the star through the country for several seasons past, acted Wilhelm Meister with marked effect. His distinguishing traits are a good figure, an excellent voice, gentlemanly ease of bearing and graceful action. Russell Barrett was quite successful in simulating senile age as the old pilgrim. Gip proves to be the Count Sperati and Mignon's father. Gustavus Levick deserves warm praise for his capital portrayal of Laertes, his acting being vigorous and thoroughly natural. Harry Hotto as Gip, who continues a faithful friend to Mignon, although she sells him once can here reciprocate his love for her, was quaint and humorous. P. A. Anderson invested the gipsy king Romanie with strong individuality of character, and made his presence felt. Rufus Scott acted Frederic, a stuttering fop, admirably, and displayed commendable talent for that line of comedy acting. H. Fuller delivered his lines impressively. Although Miss Ida Jeffreys was not in every way satisfactory as Philina, she is to be credited with a praiseworthy effort to please. Miss Marie Prescott displayed talent as the old gipsy Zaffi, and the minor characters received due care and attention.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Gilmore's Band was heard at a concert at the 23d regiment Armory on March 22.....Dr. S. M. Landis in a lecture and the Virginia Jubilee Singers held forth at the Dime Entertainment Institution on Sunday evening.....The Ninth-regiment Band, under the baton of Bandmaster Downing, were again listened to in an excellent programme, given at the Sunday-evening concert at the Grand Opera-house, in which the solo selections were rendered by F. N. Innes, cornet-player; Alonzo H. Hatch, tenor singer; Mrs. Ella Tavares, soprano vocalist; Carl Lanzer, violinist; Mlle. Estelle Buzzetti, soprano singer; Messrs. Hammond and Ward, cornet performers; and Chas. Lowe, xylophone player.....Florence Rice-Knox sings March 30 at Steinway Hall, assisted by a number of the principal artists of the Ruben Grand English-opera Company.....The Kellogg-Cary-Roze Opera Troupe commenced an engagement at Booth's Theatre 18.

G. B. BUNNELL, proprietor of the New American Museum, advertises that institution for sale. The museum, it is stated, has been a paying investment, and Mr. Bunnell parts with it by reason of making an extensive tour through this country and Europe.

HARRY LEAVITT, Dutch comedian, is confined to his residence by illness.

"A CELEBRATED HARD CASE," a burlesque in six scenes, by Edward Harrigan, of a well-known play now being performed in this city, was produced in the Theatre Comique March 18. The principal scenes and incidents of the original have been cleverly travestied, and, although the dialogue is, at times, slangy and too verbose, yet it apparently pleased those in attendance, and frequent laughter was heard. Many of the characters closely copied the elegant costumes worn in the drama, and the freshly-painted scenery was appropriate and effective. In the second scene the newly reorganized Miniature 69th Regiment presented a fine appearance, being clad in full grenadier's uniform, and they did some commendable marching. They also sang the chorus of the song "Our Irish Grenadiers" in a pleasing manner. In the fourth scene, a quintet by prisoners, entitled "The Isle of Blackwell," some of the chief characters aiding in the chorus, scored a success. We think that if the dialogue should be liberally condensed the general effect would be improved. Edward Harrigan was quite successful in the role of John Rainhard, delivering his lines with mock-heroic air, and frequently giving excellent imitations of the peculiarities of the various actors who impersonator of the character. Tony Hart, who has gained quite a reputation for the excellence of his female impersonations, certainly enhanced it by his clever acting of Adri-anna Rainhard. His portrayal of the child in short clothes in the early part of the burlesque was comical, and the change to the grown-up adopted daughter of the Duchess was marked by individuality. John Wild made a capital and characteristic Sergeant O'Rourke. Billy Gray invested the Count de Overshoes with mock dignity. J. F. Crossen made Lather, "the hard case," fearfully melodramatic. Miss Annie Mack's death struggles as Madelaine provoked much laughter. Miss Mary Gorenflo made a pretty and attractive Valentine, and the other characters received diligent attention. Prior to the burlesque a variety olio was given by performers whose excellence in their various specialties is so well known to our readers that simple mention of them is all that is needed at the present writing. John Wild, aided by Johnny Shay, J. F. Crossen and M. Bradley, opened the festivities in "We Can't Agree;" Will F. Morton vocalized; Billy Noonan and Alice Bateman gave a statue-clog; Quilter and Goldrich performed songs-and-dances; Robert Nickle gave feats of legerdemain; Ida Morris warbled serio-comic songs; Avery and Lerue displayed their gymnastic skill on the horizontal bar; Kitty O'Neil danced jigs; Fields and Hoey gave their musical specialties, and Harry Bennett, although suffering from hoarseness, sang Irish character songs, more than confirming the good opinion we have hitherto expressed of him. Business for the week very large, people being turned away on several nights. An extra matinee March 18 (St. Patrick's Day celebration) proved successful.

TONY PASTOR'S TRAVELING COMBINATION is to appear some time during the season at the Grand Opera-house.

THE ARRIVALS at Tony Pastor's Theatre March 18 were Ida De Cort, Harry Kennedy, Harris and Carroll, Adrienne Gray, Billy Barry, Delehanty and Hengler, Little Rosebud, Lizzie Mulvey Sisters and Scanlon and Cronin. Ida De Cort, who some time ago appeared in this city as the prima-donna of a juvenile opera troupe, met with good success in her vocalizations. Harry Kennedy repeated his clever ventriloquial dialogues with his mankins. His witticisms also tickling the audience, a special favor. Harris and Carroll repeated their well-known act entitled "Home at Last," and later gave camp-meeting songs with much zest. Ballads were sung in a dashing manner by Adrienne Gray. Billy Barry acted the chief characters in the sketches of "A Practical Joke" and "Stratagem." Delehanty and Hengler met with the accustomed favor in "The Rival Dandy Darkies," in which they gave their freshest song, "Strawberries and Cream." Little Rosebud among her songs gave a fresh one called "I'm Little, But You Bet I Can Dance," exemplifying the title of the song in a nimble and graceful manner. The Freeman Sisters in a musical sketch introduced banjo-solos and a ballad called "Our Grandfather's Clock." Scanlon and Cronin were seen in their sketch of "Life in a Tenement-house." Besides these, Frank Lawlor, the ventriloquist, gave imitations and acted the chief character in the opening sketch of "Solomon's Troubles;" the Richmond Sisters continued their song

"PEEP O' DAY" was produced at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, March 18, and enjoyed a run during the week. William E. Sheridan sustained the part of the hero, Harry Kavanagh, investing that part with a due amount of prairie feeling. Miss Lillie Glover lent able assistance by her effective acting as Kathleen Kavanagh. The drama was illustrated by beautiful and well-constructed scenery, the quarry scene evoking loud tokens of approbation. James E. Mackin was specially engaged for the Fair scene, and his characteristic songs-and-dances met with liberal approval. "Much Ado About Nothing" will be produced 25, and "As You Like It" 27, followed April 1 by "The Corsican Brothers."

MISS MINNIE DOYLE, supported by Miss Florence Fairchild, played an engagement at the Adelphi Theatre during the week ending March 23, appearing in the drama entitled "Zeta, or Misjudged." On March 25 "The Ragpicker of Paris" will be produced, with Miss Florence Fairchild and G. W. Middleton in the leading roles.

CAMBRIDGE & Co., dramatic agents, Chicago, Ill., advertise for a first-class company to support Mme. Modjeska after April 22.

MISS GENEVIEVE ROGERS, supported by F. E. Aiken's dramatic company, is to commence a week's engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, March 25, in "Maud Muller."

THE TAKING OF TESTIMONY in the divorce case of Saville vs. Saville, now pending in the Court of Common Pleas in Philadelphia, has been concluded. Three witnesses, including the plaintiff, Mary Saville, were examined before the special examiner, J. P. O'Neill, in New York, and the sum and substance of their testimony was that the defendant, John G. Saville, had been seen to enter houses of ill-repute in New York with females.

ROBERT MCWADE during his second week at the Philadelphia Museum acted the title-role in "Rory O'More" and "Richard III on Horseback (in Dutch)." Edwin Byron appeared at the matinees, Chas. S. Rogers and Miss Mattie Vickers volunteering at his benefit 22. Mr. McWade will reappear as Rip Van Winkle during his third and last week, "Jack Harkaway's Adventures in the Army and Among the Brigands" being given at the matinees. "The Two Orphans" 25.

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, the past week's fresh features included Sellon and Burns in Irish songs-and-dances, Miss Lillie Ellis in serio-comic songs, Harry Brooks in his pedestrian feats, and Miss Charlotte M. Stanley in her drama entitled "Too Late." The new faces 25 are Mons. Florentine, Miss May Marshall, J. Doty, and Hernandez Foster in "Jack Harkaway."

F. F. MACKAY'S suit against the lessees of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, will soon be tried in the Court of Common Pleas. The papers in the case have been filed, and contain the agreement entered into between the parties. Mr. Mackay alleges that there is due him $4,455 for salary under the agreement.

A circular has been issued to secure a short engagement by addressing William Nannary, as per advertisement.

FANNY DAVENPORT appeared in Toledo, O., March 21 as Rosalind, Dayton 22, Columbus 23, and opens in Pittsburg 25, one week .....Charlotte Thompson played in Toledo 21, matinee to small houses.....Mme. Janauschek to be in Dayton 27, Columbus 28, 29, Springfield 30, Cleveland April 1, one week.....Kate Claxton is announced in Toledo April 2.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Rochester, N. Y., Prof. T. A. Raymond exposed bogus spiritualism March 18, 19, and Mrs. J. C. Williamson opened 21 in "Struck Oil," which held the boards the rest of the week. Business good.

"THE DIAOULMAUGH" was acted by the Fifth-Avenue Theatre company of this city in the Providence (R. I.) Opera-house the past week to fair business.....Miss Clara Morris and a company is billed for March 25, 26, 27, and Mary Cary in "Poor Jo" 28, 29, 30.

J. HOLMES GROVER is to run excursion trains from Wilmington, Del., Chester, Pa., Mount Holly, Burlington, N. J., and Trenton to accommodate patrons on the matinee day of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., March 27, when "The Exiles" is to be performed.

THE WHITINO OPERA-HOUSE, Holyoke, is to be dedicated March 25.

THE AGNES WALLACE-VILLA COMBINATION is to play in Schenectady, N. Y., April 1, 2, 3, Gloversville 4, 5, 6.

SEVERAL PEOPLE are wanted for Rogers' Comedy Company. E. O. Rogers also advertises for an oblong tent.

BOUCICAULT'S "SHAUGHRAUN" COMPANY, under R. E. Stevens, showed in Newark, O., March 21, 23, and matinee, and Lancaster 22. They are billed in Harlem, N. Y., 25, Newburg 26, Poughkeepsie 27, Rondout 28, Troy 29, 30, Albany April 1 to 6.

THORNE'S COMEDY COMPANY are billed in Montgomery, Ala., March 25, 26, Birmingham 27, 28, 29, 30. J. W. Hanson, assistant-agent, joined 18.

MARY A. KERR, a lady who says that she has talent for tragic and emotional parts, wants an engagement to learn the profession. See address in another column.

FRANK E. AIKEN'S COMPANY, supporting Genevieve Rogers, play in the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, this week, Lancaster April 1, Reading 3, 4, Pittston 5, 6. Mr. Aiken informs managers and others, through our advertising department, that he has re-engaged Miss Rogers for the season of 1878-9, and that she will then appear in a new drama, entitled "Fair Blanche," written expressly for her by Fred Williams. The present season will close April 27, and the next will begin Sept. 2.

J. K. EMMET and a company performed in Massillon, O., March 18, Akron 19, Youngstown 20, Wheeling, W. Va., 21, Newark, O., 22, Columbus 23, and are to open in Cincinnati 25, Chicago, Ill., April 1, St. Louis, Mo., 8, for one week each. Chas. E. Borgman, leader of orchestra, joined the company in Cleveland, O.

THE INFANT SON of Willis H. Page of the stock company at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, died March 15. This is the third child Mr. Page has lost within a month. He has (the sympathy of the public and a large circle of friends.

JOHN A. STEVENS in "Unknown," supported by the Combination Theatre company of Philadelphia, scored a hit at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., last week. Crowded houses at the first of the week grew to the "Standing-room Only" order before the close. W. H. Southard, Harry Colton, Frank Jamison, Sidney Smith, Frank Chase, P. J. Sullivan, Julia Blanchard, and George Griffiths fill the principal characters acceptably. Notice, under W. Eddy's management: Erie, Pa., 25, 26, Sandusky, O., 27, 28, Toledo 29, 30, St. Louis April 1, one week.....The Racowitza German Dramatic Company occupied the Academy 24 (Salmon), Maggie Moore and J. C. Williamson one week, beginning 25.....Letter of March 24.

S. S. SANFORD'S "UNCLE TOM" PARTY played in Paterson, N. J., March 21, 22, 23 to crowded houses. Route: Morristown, N. J., 25, 26, Rahway 27, lay off at Philadelphia 28, Salem 29, Delaware 30, Elkton 31, Bridgeton April 1, Port Deposit 3, Havre de Grace 4, 5, Newark, Del., 6.

"THE DANITES" was acted in the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., the past week to very fair business. The Opera-house remains closed 25, 26, 27, and the stock fills out the week of 28.....Stetson's "Robin Hood" combination played in Martin Hall 23 to a large audience.....The Leland Opera-house Company, headed by Manager Albaugh, inaugurates the new opera-house at Holyoke, Mass., on March 25, playing there three nights.

JOHN T. RAYMOND and a company occupied the Richmond (Va.) Theatre March 19, 20, 21, appearing in "Risks," "Col. Sellers," and "London Assurance," to fair-sized audiences. Hence to Norfolk. "A Celebrated Case" is to be performed 25, 26 by a Baltimore company.

JANAUSCHEK began a week's season March 18 in the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house, supported by Ellsler & Canning's company from Cleveland. Business only fair. John McCullough comes 25 for one week, when Manager Davey's company will be the support.....At the Grand Opera-house, Helen Blye began 18 in "Trilby," and Mlle. Rhea in "Rose Michel," for one week to very poor houses.....Edna Weathersby and N. C. Goodwin Jr. and company are to appear 25, 26, 27.

MISS MARY ANDERSON, supported by John W. Norton and a company, is billed in St. Joseph, Mo., March 25, 26, Kansas City 27, 28, Leavenworth, Kas., 29, Atchison, Neb., 30.

MME. R. NEUVILLE, whose address find in another column, offers a four-act sensational play for sale cheap.

THE LENTEN SEASON, more strictly observed, perhaps, in this community than in any other in the United States, and the reaction which follows the carnival season of gayety, have both exercised a manifest depression upon the business of our theatres, wrote our New Orleans, La., correspondent on March 19, adding: "Miss Rose Eytinge at the Varieties4, however, has been honored with best-sized audiences, and has given some of her highly-appreciated personations, the theatre being crowded last evening to witness the production of 'Antony and Cleopatra.' A tribute of praise is due Manager Hall for the elaborate setting and careful attention to details with which he has bestowed upon the piece, and the prospects are good for a prosperous run. Miss Eytinge appeared at her best in the role of the Egyptian Queen, and was rewarded with enthusiastic plaudits. The support was in no respect adequate, and even J. B. Studley whose Pierre Michaud was one of the most finished pictures of acting seen here this season, made an indifferent Antony.....At Bidwell's Academy of Music Frank Mayo has appeared in 'Davy Crockett' and as Badger during the week, to houses not at all adequate to his merits. 'Blind Love,' with Mr. Crockett in the principal role, is announced for 21, 22, 23. Colville's Folly Company open 25."

MUSICAL.

MISS BERTHA ERIXON, contralto, with the Swedish Lady Quartet, and Christian Krause, violinist, with the same party, were married at the Curtis House, Mt. Vernon, O., March 18.

MISBLER'S SWEDISH SINGERS, who were in Canton, O., March 19, are to sing in Wooster 25, Tiffin 26, Bellaire 27, Chicago 28, 29, 30.

THE PHILADELPHIA PHILHARMONIC CLUB concertized in Reading, Pa., March 18.

CHARLES PARDEE MAXSON died March 5 of consumption in De Ruyter, N. Y., aged 43 years. He played the cornet and violin, and, besides giving instruction to numerous brass bands in various parts of the country, he traveled with the following circuses: J. M. French's, Warner's, Springer & Henderson's and "Yankee" Robinson's.

A BASS VIOL AND TUBA can be engaged by addressing Abe Fielding, as per card.

JERRY WALL advertises an arrangement of the Blue Danube Waltzes and the 22d Regiment March for the banjo.

A YOUNG LADY to play the piano and sing is wanted by "Piano," who advertises.

THE LADIES' ALPINE QUARTET and Monello Concert Company sing in West Brookfield April 1, Brookfield 2, Spencer 3, North Brookfield 4, Warren 5, Palmer 6, Monson 8, Amherst 9, Ware 10, Springfield 11.

A SECO VIOLIN and E-flat alto-player wishes an engagement with a circus band. See N. H. Arnold's ca.

"UNCLE TOM'S LAMENT," by Geo. Thatcher, sung at the San Francisco Minstrels with success, the music by Mayo, and Wambold's "Pretty Red Rose," also a fine at that house, and the new song-and-dance "Sparkling Solitaire" can all be obtained at Fred Gaume's, as advertised.

A VIOLINIST, leader of orchestra and teacher of brass band desires an engagement. See Prof. F.'s card.

A B-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER desires an engagement. See Thos. Brazier's card.

MME. CLARA BRINKHOFF, concert primadonna, can be addressed as per card, or care of this office.

"CRUEL JANE LOUISA," When Charley's in the Box," "Perhaps," and "I Mother Know Me in the Sky?" are all in Fox & Dehnhoff's list of latest issues of popular s. See card for price.

THE HESS ENGLISH-OPERA COMPANY attracted a large attendance at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during their second and last week at this theatre. "Martha" was given March 18, 22, "Villar's Dragoons" 19, "The Bohemian Girl" 20, 23, "The Chimes of Normandy" being repeated 21, with "Fra Diavolo" at a matinee 23. The popular price of fifty cents admission and fifty cents extra for reserved seats was also successfully adopted here during this troupe's second week.

"THE APRIL SHOWERS SCHOTTISCHE," by M. F. Huse, dedicated to Genevieve Rogers, whose portrait decorates the title-page, is published by Chas. H. Fitch, who advertises price, etc.

THE PAPPENHEIM-ADAMS company inaugurated a season of German opera at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, March 18, with the performance of the opera "Lohengrin." Wagner's opera "Rienzi" was given March 20, and was repeated March 22, a matinee performance of "Les Huguenots" being given March 23. The low price of admission—fifty cents, with one dollar for reserved seats—was an innovation that resulted in a satisfactory attendance.

THE BERGER FAMILY TROUPE will be in Salem, Mass., March 29, Beverly 30, Haverhill April 1, Lawrence 2, Lowell 3, Manchester, N. H., 4, Nashua 5, Lynn, Mass., 6, Newburyport 8, Portsmouth 9, Dover 10, Lowell 11 (Fast Day), Portland, Me., 12, 13. They report business as large.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY gave a concert at Association Hall, Germantown, Pa., March 21, for the benefit of the Germantown Hospital.....Charles Jarvis gave his fifth classical soiree March 23, at the Natatorium, Philadelphia.....Miss Adah Sampson and the Philadelphia Harmonic Club appear in a concert at the Natatorium Hall 25.

HARDING'S new publications, Bobby Newcomb's new song-and-dance "Little Cherry Blossom," and the march-song "Our Army and Navy" are advertised in this issue.

J. CHADSEY advertises first violin copy for sale of a medley Lancashire clog; also orchestral arrangement.

IN CHICAGO, ILL., the Thursby Concert Company gave a concert in McCormick Hall March 19, and are to give another 25. The Wolfsohn testimonial, at which Miss Thursby, Mrs. Frank Hall, Miss Fanny Blumenfeld who made her debut), Messrs. Jas. Gill, C. A. (Knorr, A. Rosenbecker and full chorus of the Beethoven Society participated, took place in McCormick Hall 20.

LEWIS E. COOK, agent of the Hyers Sisters, reports business good, and gives route of party as follows: Lafayette, Ind, March 29, 30, Logansport April 1, Kokomo 2, Fort Wayne 3, Warsaw 4, Goshen 5, Grand Rapids, Mich., 10, 11.....The Leland Novelty Concert Troupe has returned to Grand Rapids, Mich., after a traveling season of over two months, with fair success. Miss Cora Miller, Legrand, the Barker Sisters, and Will K. Peck stop there, while Prof. C. E. Charles and wife go to Ionia.

TWO NEW VARIETY SONGS on "The Dollar of Our Daddies" by E. Mason Jr. are offered in manuscript to performers at the advertised price.

THE WHITNEY CONCERT TROUPE gave a performance at St. Louis, Mo., March 19, to a very large audience.....Miss Emma Thursby sings at Mercantile Library Hall 28.

AN E-FLAT CORNET and second violin player wants an engagement. See C. Ward's card.

BROOKLYN NOTES.—At the Plymouth Church concert March 23, Charles B. Schuler, Mrs. Anna Holbrook Rosan and Fannie Palmer appeared—the latter in readings.....Miss Arabella Root appeared in a ballad concert at Association Hall 21.....At the same place Prof. W. A. M. Diller, Mrs. Tuttle, the Misses Clark Pierce, Nevins, De La Pierre, and Woods and Messrs. Whittaker Spangler and Woodcock appeared 19.....The Washington Choral Society concerted in the Washington-avenue Baptist Church 20. Mrs. Louise M. Oliver, A. E. Stoddard, and Gonzalo Nunez were the soloists, and E. J. Fitzhugh director.....Conterno's Twenty-third Regiment Band will appear in concert at the Rink 28.....A concert complimentary to Mrs. Florence Rice-Felix was given in the Lee-avenue M. E. Church by Anna Granger Dow, George Werrenrath, A. E. Stoddard and J. E. Haynor assisted. Ferdinand Dulcken was conductor.....The Hutchinson Family sang in the Hanson-place M. E. Church 18.....The Arcadian Society gave a concert at its rooms 18.....The Hess English-opera Company open at the Academy 26.....Geo. W. Morgan, organist at the Tabernacle, has had a raid made upon his salary by the trustees of the church, who, notwithstanding they had already cut him down from $2,200 to $1,800, proposed a further reduction to $1,200, which he quietly declined to their surprise. They are evidently bent on dispensing with his services, and threaten to go to a lower figure, $600 a year, if he is retained. His patron, Dr. Talmage, is in much distress, and the upshot of the matter may be a glad surprise to sensible people, as there are rumors of the doctor's partial resignation on the part of the preacher with the eloquent pedal extremities, for having received a call to London, Eng.

MISS ANNA TERESA BERGER met with success in Music Hall, Boston, at the concert given by Hall's Brigade Band on March 17. The press, in speaking of Miss Berger, says:

The concert given at Music Hall last evening by Hall's Band (D. C. Hall, conductor) and various assistants was one of unusual merit. Miss Anna T. Berger sang three solos with distinguished ability, the lady's playing being extraordinarily good. In sostenuto numbers—such, for instance, as "Let Me Dream Again"—Miss Berger surpasses her vocal powers, and her lyrical passion and the sympathy she fully equal to that of any solo cornetist we have ever heard.—*Daily Traveler*, March 18.

Miss Berger plays the cornet with rare ability, and her efforts were the more pleasing from the fact that not long since it was supposed that the cornet was beyond the lung-power of woman. The solo "Facilita," air and variations, including the Mother Goose polka "Bobby Shaftoe," was enthusiastically received, and encores were demanded and given.—*Boston Post*, March 18.

The chief honors of the evening were borne off by Miss Anna Teresa Berger of the well-known Berger Family. Miss Berger played several selections on the cornet with much grace and skill that the best male players could not surpass. She has improved much since she was last heard here. She was honored with a double encore in one instance.—*Boston Journal*, March 18.

MUSICAL AFFAIRS in Boston, Mass., are as under:

Miss Emelie Melville is to make her operatic debut in Boston in the new opera "Chimes of Normandy" April 1.....Mme. Gabrielle de la Motte, assisted by Mme. and Miss Field, August and Wulf Fries, J. G. Lennon, and S. Tuckerman, gave a private concert at Sanders' Theatre, March 18. The fifth concert in the course given at Sanders' Theatre, Cambridge, took place 19. Theodore Thomas and orchestra and Miss Mathilde Wilde were the attractions.....The sixth of the Harvard Musical Association concerts, Signor G. Tagliapietra, baritone; and Madame Madeline Schiller, pianist.....B. Cowles gave his thirteenth organ recital before the Boston Conservatory of Music, March 22.....Miss Fanny Kellogg, soprano, Miss Florence Holmes, contralto, and the Weber Quartet gave a concert at the Boston Art Club rooms 23.....The Handel and Haydn Society render "The Creation" in Music Hall 24, with the aid of Mlle. Marie Roze, W. H. Fessenden and Myron W. Whitney. May 5, Verdi's Requiem Mass, by Mme. Pappenheim and other soloists.....A. P. Peck's annual benefit concert will take place at Music Hall April 22.....William H. Sherwood announces his first grand concert at Union Hall April 2. Miss Louise Dyas, pianist, and her pupil Miss Minnie Wurtz and Miss Fannie Lovering appearing.....H. T. Reed's second dime concert will be given in the Meionaon March 27, Mr. and Mrs. Madison Observ, Miss A. M. Gustin, Arthur S. Knight and H. H. Robinson appearing.....Miss Emilia Dunton makes her first appearance in Boston since her return from Europe at a concert in Tremont Temple April 2. She will be assisted by Signor Campobello, New York baritone; Miss Anna Guntlier, contralto; Louis F. Phau, tenor; W. H. Sherwood, pianist; Lyman F. Brackett, organist and accompanist; and Miss Josephine Shanley, violinist.....George S. Brooks gives his annual concert at his rooms 28.....A piano recital will be given by John Orth at Union Hall afternoon of April 4. Wulf Fries, Miss Lillian Bailey, and C. C. Perkins assisting.....The Apollo Club give their next concerts at Music Hall 27, April 2.....A concert and reading will be given at Union Hall by Georgie R. Ford, vocalist; Mrs. A. J. Rogers, pianist; Charles R. Howard and Miss Ella C. Cleveland, vocalists.....James M. Tracy gives a piano recital at Miller's rooms 30.....The Howard Musical Association gives a symphony concert in Music Hall afternoon 28.....Sunday concerts: The twenty-second concert by Brown's Brigade Band was given in Beethoven Hall 24. George E. Hess, basso; Miss Edith Christie, child violinist; H. C. Brown, cornet-soloist; Miss Nellie S. Bartlett, reader; Jean Missud, clarionet soloist; Jacob Gilcher, flutist, and Fred Pinsuti, pianist, assisting. The last of the series will be given 31, as a testimonial to the band.....A concert and reading was given at Paine Hall 24 by Miss Millie Mayle, soprano; G. B. Milton, baritone; and Miss Brown, elocutionists. The Louisiana Troubadours again appear at the Boylston Museum 24.

VARIETY HALLS.

GEORGE WILD, a performer of repute, on March 17, in company with a number of variety artists, sailed across the bay from Pensacola, Fla., to Santa Rosa Island, to bathe. Mr. Wild swam quite a distance from the shore, when a large wave struck him and carried him out to sea and he was drowned, and at our latest advices his body had not been recovered. His real name was Hoisted, and his home was in East Saginaw, Mich. For two seasons he had been stage-manager of the Bay View Varieties, Pensacola, and prior to that he had managed Wild's Opera-house, Hot Springs, Ark.

IN MEMORIAM.—GEORGE WILD.
Come back from memory's mourning urn,
And bless my sight again;
For O! in restless dreams I turn
To clasp thy hand, in vain;
I bid thy gentle spirit come
And look once more on me,
But thou art slumbering where the foam
Runs madly o'er the sea.

Alas! how soon our better years
To tempest winds are blown,
And all our hopes, and joys and fears
Alike are widely strewn—
Sky-rests in yonder village mound
Who was thy beauteous bride,
While thou art sleeping neath the sound
Of Ocean's flowing tide.

M. D.

THE SEARLES BROTHERS — Thomas, Masters Haney and Bobby—played a successful engagement at the Theatre Comique, Washington, D. C., last week, appearing in their songs-and-dances and triple-clog.

GILMORE AND GIBSON, breakneck and grotesque song-and-dance artists, publish cards from Managers Koenberger and J. W. Decker of St. Louis, Mo., recommending them as paying attractions.

FOR THE GREAT ATLANTEAN Zoological and Equestrian Exposition the following performers are said to have been engaged: Mlle. Cora and M. Holbrook Rosan and Fannie Palmer appeared—the latter in readings.....Miss Arabella Root appeared in a ballad concert at Association Hall 21.....At the same place Prof. W. A. M. Diller, Mrs. Tuttle, the Misses Clark Pierce, Nevins, De La Pierre, and Woods and Messrs. Whittaker Spangler and Woodcock appeared 19.....The Washington Choral Society concerted in the Washington-avenue Baptist Church 20. Mrs. Louise M. Oliver, A. E. Stoddard, and Gonzalo Nunez were the soloists, and E. J. Fitzhugh director.....Conterno's Twenty-third Regiment Band will appear in concert at the Rink 28.....A concert complimentary to Mrs. Florence Rice-Felix was given in the Lee-avenue M. E. Church by Anna Granger Dow, George Werrenrath, A. E. Stoddard and J. E. Haynor assisted. Ferdinand Dulcken was conductor.....The Hutchinson Family sang in the Hanson-place M. E. Church 18.....The Arcadian Society gave a concert at its rooms 18.....The Hess English-opera Company open at the Academy 26.....Geo. W. Morgan, organist at the Tabernacle, has had a raid made upon his salary by the trustees of the church, who, notwithstanding they had already cut him down from $2,200 to $1,800, proposed a further reduction to $1,200, which he quietly declined to their surprise. They are evidently bent on dispensing with his services, and threaten to go to a lower figure, $600 a year, if he is retained. His patron, Dr. Talmage, is in much distress, and the upshot of the matter may be a glad surprise to sensible people, as there are rumors of the doctor's partial resignation on the part of the preacher with the eloquent pedal extremities, for having received a call to London, Eng.

THE BOSTON VARIETY COMPANY, supporting Genevieve Rogers, play in the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, this week, Lancaster April 1, Reading 3, 4, Pittston 5, 6. Mr. Aiken informs managers and others, through our advertising department, that he has re-engaged Miss Rogers for the season of 1878-9, and that she will then appear in a new drama, entitled "Fair Blanche," written expressly for her by Fred Williams. The present season will close April 27, and the next will begin Sept. 2.

J. K. EMMET and a company performed in Massillon, O., March 18, Akron 19, Youngstown 20, Wheeling, W. Va., 21, Newark, O., 22, Columbus 23, and are to open in Cincinnati 25, Chicago, Ill., April 1, St. Louis, Mo., 8, for one week each. Chas. E. Borgman, leader of orchestra, joined the company in Cleveland, O.

THE INFANT SON of Willis H. Page of the stock company at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, died March 15. This is the third child Mr. Page has lost within a month. He has (the sympathy of the public and a large circle of friends.

JOHN A. STEVENS in "Unknown," supported by the Combination Theatre company of Philadelphia, scored a hit at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., last week. Crowded houses at the first of the week grew to the "Standing-room Only" order before the close. W. H. Southard, Harry Colton, Frank Jamison, Sidney Smith, Frank Chase, P. J. Sullivan, Julia Blanchard, and George Griffiths fill the principal characters acceptably. Notice, under W. Eddy's management: Erie, Pa., 25, 26, Sandusky, O., 27, 28, Toledo 29, 30, St. Louis April 1, one week.....The Racowitza German Dramatic Company occupied the Academy 24 (Salmon), Maggie Moore and J. C. Williamson one week, beginning 25.....Letter of March 24.

S. S. SANFORD'S "UNCLE TOM" PARTY played in Paterson, N. J., March 21, 22, 23 to crowded houses. Route: Morristown, N. J., 25, 26, Rahway 27, lay off at Philadelphia 28, Salem 29, Delaware 30, Elkton 31, Bridgeton April 1, Port Deposit 3, Havre de Grace 4, 5, Newark, Del., 6.

"THE DANITES" was acted in the Leland Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., the past week to very fair business. The Opera-house remains closed 25, 26, 27, and the stock fills out the week of 28.....Stetson's "Robin Hood" combination played in Martin Hall 23 to a large audience.....The Leland Opera-house Company, headed by Manager Albaugh, inaugurates the new opera-house at Holyoke, Mass., on March 25, playing there three nights.

JOHN T. RAYMOND and a company occupied the Richmond (Va.) Theatre March 19, 20, 21, appearing in "Risks," "Col. Sellers," and "London Assurance," to fair-sized audiences. Hence to Norfolk. "A Celebrated Case" is to be performed 25, 26 by a Baltimore company.

JANAUSCHEK began a week's season March 18 in the Detroit (Mich.) Opera-house, supported by Ellsler & Canning's company from Cleveland. Business only fair. John McCullough comes 25 for one week, when Manager Davey's company will be the support.....At the Grand Opera-house, Helen Blye began 18 in "Trilby," and Mlle. Rhea in "Rose Michel," for one week to very poor houses.....Edna Weathersby and N. C. Goodwin Jr. and company are to appear 25, 26, 27.

MISS MARY ANDERSON, supported by John W. Norton and a company, is billed in St. Joseph, Mo., March 25, 26, Kansas City 27, 28, Leavenworth, Kas., 29, Atchison, Neb., 30.

MME. R. NEUVILLE, whose address find in another column, offers a four-act sensational play for sale cheap.

THE LENTEN SEASON, more strictly observed, perhaps, in this community than in any other in the United States, and the reaction which follows the carnival season of gayety, have both exercised a manifest depression upon the business of our theatres, wrote our New Orleans, La., correspondent on March 19, adding: "Miss Rose Eytinge at the Varieties4, however, has been honored with best-sized audiences, and has given some of her highly-appreciated personations, the theatre being crowded last evening to witness the production of 'Antony and Cleopatra.' A tribute of praise is due Manager Hall for the elaborate setting and careful attention to details with which he has bestowed upon the piece, and the prospects are good for a prosperous run. Miss Eytinge appeared at her best in the role of the Egyptian Queen, and was rewarded with enthusiastic plaudits. The support was in no respect adequate, and even J. B. Studley whose Pierre Michaud was one of the most finished pictures of acting seen here this season, made an indifferent Antony.....At Bidwell's Academy of Music Frank Mayo has appeared in 'Davy Crockett' and as Badger during the week, to houses not at all adequate to his merits. 'Blind Love,' with Mr. Crockett in the principal role, is announced for 21, 22, 23. Colville's Folly Company open 25."

MUSICAL.

MISS BERTHA ERIXON, contralto, with the Swedish Lady Quartet, and Christian Krause, violinist, with the same party, were married at the Curtis House, Mt. Vernon, O., March 18.

MISBLER'S SWEDISH SINGERS, who were in Canton, O., March 19, are to sing in Wooster 25, Tiffin 26, Bellaire 27, Chicago 28, 29, 30.

THE PHILADELPHIA PHILHARMONIC CLUB concertized in Reading, Pa., March 18.

CHARLES PARDEE MAXSON died March 5 of consumption in De Ruyter, N. Y., aged 43 years. He played the cornet and violin, and, besides giving instruction to numerous brass bands in various parts of the country, he traveled with the following circuses: J. M. French's, Warner's, Springer & Henderson's and "Yankee" Robinson's.

A BASS VIOL AND TUBA can be engaged by addressing Abe Fielding, as per card.

JERRY WALL advertises an arrangement of the Blue Danube Waltzes and the 22d Regiment March for the banjo.

A YOUNG LADY to play the piano and sing is wanted by "Piano," who advertises.

THE LADIES' ALPINE QUARTET and Monello Concert Company sing in West Brookfield April 1, Brookfield 2, Spencer 3, North Brookfield 4, Warren 5, Palmer 6, Monson 8, Amherst 9, Ware 10, Springfield 11.

A SECO VIOLIN and E-flat alto-player wishes an engagement with a circus band. See N. H. Arnold's ca.

"UNCLE TOM'S LAMENT," by Geo. Thatcher, sung at the San Francisco Minstrels with success, the music by Mayo, and Wambold's "Pretty Red Rose," also a fine at that house, and the new song-and-dance "Sparkling Solitaire" can all be obtained at Fred Gaume's, as advertised.

A VIOLINIST, leader of orchestra and teacher of brass band desires an engagement. See Prof. F.'s card.

A B-FLAT CORNET-PLAYER desires an engagement. See Thos. Brazier's card.

MME. CLARA BRINKHOFF, concert primadonna, can be addressed as per card, or care of this office.

"CRUEL JANE LOUISA," When Charley's in the Box," "Perhaps," and "I Mother Know Me in the Sky?" are all in Fox & Dehnhoff's list of latest issues of popular s. See card for price.

AT THE BAY VIEW VARIETIES, Pensacola, Fla., the arrivals March 18 were Ida Carlysle, Lizzie Whalen, Mollie Archer and Sullivan and Green. Departures 16: Ada Clifton and Redmond and Devore, to New Orleans, and Tillie Bouton, Cheyenne, W. T.

THE LONDON, New Haven, Ct., collapsed March 23, and the managers—John Crowley, William Crowley, Charles Murray and John Hammond—disappeared 22, leaving, as reported, salaries and other claims unpaid.....At the Church-street Opera-house the departures 23 were Nellie Vincent, the Gorman Brothers, and Maggie Nichols, to New York; and Carrie Wilson, to Brooklyn, L. I. Billed for 25: J. W. Bingham, Billy Scott, William Golan, Mulligan and Weaver, Minnie Rogers and Ada Adair.

THE ARRIVALS at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., March 18 were Professor Palmer, the Gurellas, and Raynor and Murray. Business fair.....Mlle. Lottie and Ed. Baldwin, gymnasts; Parker Sisters, song-and-dance; and Frank Lewis, motto-vocalist, were the new attractions at Harry Williams' Academy of Music 18. The attendance was large. Closing 23: Carrolls and Jennie Engle, to New York; Foy Sisters, to Chicago; Foley and Sheffer, to Baltimore; and Frank Lewis, to Cincinnati. Commencing March 25: McDowell Sisters, Maggie Gray, Ida Burke, Lucy Adams, Guy Linton, Murphy and Mack, Seamon and Somers, and John Williams.....Harry Montague, Duncan Sisters, and Miss Josephine Shanley continue at Tivoli Garden next week, and Mr. Norman, the English tenor, will be the only new appearance in the variety business.

THE REINFORCEMENTS at Ward's Opera-house, Newark, N. J., March 18 consisted of Wesley and Eldridge, Fred D. Harris and Fannie Florence, and Kate Montrose and John McVeigh. Business good. Closing 23: Wesley and Eldridge, Fred D. Harris and Fannie Florence, Kate Montrose, Julia Bennett, and John McVeigh, to New York. Coming 25: Billy Maloney and Mabel Gray, the Loders, Sparks Brothers, Lizzie Edwards, Adelaide Edwards, Nellie Sargeant and the Siegrist Children.....At the Metropolitan the new faces 18 were the Sanyeahs, Carlotta Banks, the Leotards, and Conway and Kerrigan. Business fair. Departures 23: Conway and Kerrigan, the Leotards, the Sanyeahs, and Carlotta Banks, to New York; Charley Burnham, Philadelphia; and Lizzie Edwards, to Ward's Opera-house, here. Opening 25: Lizetta and Ripley, Kelly and Ryan, Miss Buckley, the Courtland Sisters, and Ida Raymond.....Harry Healey (late of the defunct Adelphi) is to benefit at the Opera-house 30.

AT DUCLOS' FOLLY THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., business has been large, the appearance of Pauline Markham and the production of a new extravaganza being enough to fill the house. "Little Bo-peep" is a clever three-act spectacular piece, able in construction, witty in dialogue, and garnished with choice music and handsome scenery and costumes. Mme. Ducios is entitled to credit for the way in which she has staged the piece, and has secured the same beautiful form as ever, but she is not so good a singer as of old. Maud Branscombe made a sprightly Little Bo-peep. Maud Lovell invested the part of Griseldina with some humor, and Lou Sanford made a charming Fairy Queen. Press Hall personated Wee Willie Winkie. Harry Al. Martinetti made an excellent Demon, the Arnold Brothers were efficient Pages, Charles Theodore was rather tame as the Lord-chamberlain. The introduced specialties of a musical act by the Grossi Sisters, the gymnastics and harlequinade of the Bohee Family, the triple clog of the Arnold Brothers, the skipping-rope dance of Ida Siddons, and the ballet dances, with Pauline Martinetti, Lou Sanford and Marian Grey as principals, were each and all good. The Amazonian march, led by Pauline Markham, was brilliant in lights and well executed. "Little Bo-peep" will continue another week. No departures. The new specialty artists beginning 25 are the Foy Sisters, Hugh Fay and Carrie Lewis.....At the Coliseum a very fair business has been done. The fresh faces have been Lillian Forrest, character change songs, changing with lights with the Sisters Bohee, Jennie Crabe in gymnastic feats, the Howland Sisters in songs-and-dances, and George Metkiff, well supported by the company in a four-act drama entitled "Bummer Bowers' Gold Discovery." Departures 23: The Amanns, to Fort Wayne, Ind., John Wesley Hardinge; Algerame Lee and George Metkiff, no date. Billed for 25: Eisa Carnissa, Mulligan and Morris, Marie Whittingham and Master Newman.....The Arnold Brothers (now at the Folly) and the Collins Brothers are to shortly combine their forces, forming a quintett for song-and-dances and clog. They will start out on the road in about four weeks under the business direction of William Devere.....Charles Benton, advertising agent for the Folly Theatre, will shortly close his engagement. Letter of March 23.

THE BURTON-STOCKTON BROTHERS have gone to Warren, Mass., to join Heywood's Combination for the Summer season.

FRANK AND WINNIE HASSALL, sketch, doubling and specialty artists, are now in the seventh week of their engagement at the Theatre Comique, Richmond, Va. They can be addressed care of this office.

MAJOR BURK, the sensational military drill-performer, who left for Europe on Saturday last, publishes his address in another column.

AT THE METROPOLITAN THEATRE, Indianapolis, Ind., the new faces March 18 were Jacques Collins and Martha Wren, and Barker and Reels. The bill concluded with E. T. Goodrich in the drama of "Just His Luck." The attendance was only fair. Mons. Charest met with an accident in his ceiling-walking act 19. The suction gave way, precipitating him head-foremost to the floor. He struck the net with sufficient force to snap one of the ropes sustaining it. A bump on his head was, fortunately, the only damage he received. Closing 23 are J. T. Dowling and Mollie Williams. Coming 25: Mollie Williams, Shehan and Jones, Vic Reynolds.....The De Forests—Frank and Josie—and Miss Ceni Havre were the fresh attractions at Crone's City Garden 18. Business continues good. Departures 23: The Seamans, Mollie Williams, Ada Palmer, to St. Louis; and Bob De Bar, to Cincinnati. Arrivals 25 are the Castellos—Charles and Ada—Billy Hanley and Allie Smith. Letter of March 21.

THE LA RUE CHILDREN—John and Willie—are open for dates. These juvenile performers appear in specialties, in which they introduce song-and-dances, also double acrobatic-clog, and have been well received. They can be engaged by addressing Wm. La Rue, as per advertisement.

MINNIE RAINFORTH, motto vocalist, announces her first open date as May 13. See card.

WEBB'S TENNESSEE MINSTRELS and Jennie Demorest's Variety Combination and Brass Band is the title of a new organization, of which Webb, Demorest & Co. are the proprietors and managers. Prof. J. Blitz, leader of orchestra; W. L. Harrington, advance-agent; and Jas. Harris, programmer. The company includes Norman, Gardener, Filson and Harper on the ends and in specialties; E. Spearman, interlocutor; Master G. Webb, Frank Gardner, Jennie Demorest, Rose Dumont, Ida Leslie, Maud Nelson, Daisy Remington. They perform in Elg

RATES.

SUBSCRIPTION.—Per annum, in advance, $4; six months, $2; three months, $1, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra. Single copies 10 cents each. No deduction to clubs or agents.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Agate type measure, 14 lines to an inch.—Department notices, copied from and credited to other Journals, 30 cents per line, the same notices to be inserted once only. Advertisements under the head of AMUSEMENTS, 15 cents per line; Miscellaneous and Sporting Advertisements, 20 cents per line—for each and every insertion. A deduction of 20 per cent. from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months in advance by the advertiser. Advertising agents are not allowed this or any other deduction further than their regular commission. Cuts and displayed type in advertisements charged at the same rates for space occupied.

OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.

THE CLIPPER is issued every Tuesday morning. The first, fourth, fifth and eighth pages GO TO PRESS ON SATURDAY, and the second, third, sixth and seventh pages on Monday evening. Advertisements intended for the outside pages should reach us not later than noon on Saturday, and all favors should reach us early on Monday to insure their insertion in that week's issue.

ADVERTISEMENTS SENT BY TELEGRAPH must reach here not later than 6 P. M. on Monday.

TO AVOID LOSS, when remitting money by mail, we would advise our patrons to register their letters or procure Post-office orders. Make all orders payable to and address all communications

FRANK QUEEN,
Editor and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860, or CLIPPER BUILDING,
88 and 90 Centre street, New York.

THE CLIPPER is for sale in LONDON, ENGLAND, at the American Exchange, 449 Strand, Charing Cross, W. C.

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ALMANAC
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DES MOINES, IOWA.
New house; seats 680. [1-2t*] WM. FOSTER, Proprietor.

THEATRE ROYAL,
MONTREAL,
ENTIRELY RECONSTRUCTED,
enlarged and redecorated. New stock of scenery and drop-curtain, new dressing-rooms, etc., etc.; situated in the most central part of the city, and one of the most elegant and convenient theatres on the continent. Is now ready to let for short or long seasons, or long lease. For open dates and terms apply to [1-9t*] JESSE JOSEPH, Proprietor.

MORTON HOUSE, ERIE, PA.
Fine accommodations for traveling companies. Agents for circuses and hall-shows, please give me a call before making arrangements elsewhere.
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NEW OPERA-HOUSE,
CAMDEN, N. J.
Cyl. J. Holmes Grover, sole director. Population, 50,000. Only opera-house; seats 1,200; 700 chairs; spacious gallery; stage, 63x31ft.; four elegantly-furnished dressing-rooms; full set of stage trappings, beautiful scenery and competent stage hands. For rent or share-rent preferred. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays. Will share other two nights occasionally. Address J. HOLMES GROVER, NEW OPERA-HOUSE, CAMDEN, N. J. 1-2t*

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Seating capacity, 1,000 chairs. A few open dates for sensational Dramas in hands of good stars. Also good specialty people can get dates at moderate salary. Address
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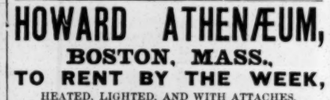

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